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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

Repeal Of Jersey Act Would Be In Keeping With "New And Better World"

A movement has been set afoot in this country which has as its aim the repeal, revocation, or what you will, of the so-called "Jersey Act".

The "Jersey Act" being the popular designation, in this country, of the act passed in 1913 by the English Jockey Club, on the motion of the Earl of Jersey, whereby the Messrs. Weatherby, the compilers and publishers of the English General Stud Book, were instructed in future to deny registration in that work to any and all animals whose ancestors, in all cases, were not already enrolled in it.

The effect of which action was the disfranchisement of the American Thoroughbred, internationally speaking.

This being because of the fact that, in the majority of cases, the American Thoroughbred carries the blood of animals not recorded in the English Stud Book.

A condition arising from the want of an American Stud Book during the foundation era in this country, together with the loss or destruction of a host of extensions of our old pedigrees during the three wars of, respectively, the Revolution (1776-1783), that of 1812-1815, and that Between the States (1861-1865).

In addition, many pedigrees were lost or confused over this stretch of time in the pioneering process of the United States, when life was every-

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Committee Decides On Two-Day Program For Altoona In September

By George P. Gable

Fourteen inches of snow in Altoona, Pennsylvania on March 5th failed to cool the enthusiasm of the Committee for the Altoona Horse Show, who met recently and made definite plans to expand their show this fall.

As has been the custom in Altoona for the past ten years, Labor Day will be their Show Day, but in addition to this, Saturday, September 2nd, prior to Labor Day, has been added making this now a two-day affair. This arrangement gives both horses and riders a day's rest between two full days of showing.

Many classes have been added to

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Seven To Vie For Middleburg Bowl Saturday Afternoon

Five Entries Are Listed For Ladies' Point-to-Point On Same Course

So far three Point-to-Points have announced dates for this season, Middleburg, March 18; Brandywine, April 1 and Radnor, April 8. Entries for Middleburg closed March 11 and 7 horses were entered in the Middleburg Bowl and 5 in the ladies' point-to-point.

W. G. Fletcher, president of Piedmont Hunt; D. C. Sands, M. F. H., Middleburg Hunt; Dr. A. C. Randolph, M. F. H., Piedmont Hunt; Fletcher Harper, M. F. H., Orange County Hunt and Judge J. R. H. Alexander, M. F. H., Loudoun Hunt, have been asked to serve as stewards. Courtland H. Smith will act as the starter; W. C. Seipp, paddock judge, T. Rodrock, clerk of scales and W. A. Metzger, timer.

The course has been changed and is now circular, running principally on Mrs. Raymond Belmont's Belray Farm and two fields on the C. O. Iselin's Wolver Hill Farm, covering approximately 5 miles.

Col. Frederick Warburg, whose Mountville won the 1943 running of the Middleburg Bowl, is represented this year by Noble Count, Fred Embrey, whipper-in of the Middleburg

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Annual Deep Run Hunter Trials In Richmond April 2

Classes For Green Hunters, Members, Open Hunters And Corinthian

By Walter Craigie

The Deep Run Hunt Club, Richmond, Virginia, will hold its annual senior hunter trials Sunday, April 2, starting at 2 p. m.

No charge will be made for exhibitors and service men and women. The public is invited and admission charge for spectators is 35 cents.

Miss Eileen Brent, chairman, has announced that the course will be the same as that used last year, which was approximately three-quarters of a mile in length with about 15 obstacles. No jump will be over 3'-8". Horses will be judged on manners, performance over jumps, handiness, time, pace and hunting soundness. Conformation will be considered only in case of ties. Mere blemishes and honorable scars are not to be considered. Entries by non-members of Deep Run Hunt Club are cordially invited. Competitors may enter and ride more than one horse.

The judges' decision will be final in all cases. The fall of rider and/or horse will eliminate entry and more than one refusal on the course will eliminate entry. Entries are to be made by 10 a. m. on day of trials

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Gymkhana Club Holds Impromptu Show In San Mateo

Bob Egan, Home From Riley, Participates In Various Schooling Events

By Selma Piazzi

An impromptu horse show was held March 5th at the San Mateo Gymkhana Club, San Mateo, California to provide a bit of fun, schooling for horses and riders, and to give Bob Egan, home on furlough from Fort Riley, a chance to take a "post-man's holiday" and ride a few horses.

Steady, hard rains for days before the show necessitated the jumps being set up on the polo field across the road from the club and the classes being run off there.

Very tricky jumps, having breadth as well as height, and smacking of Fort Riley a bit, were set up for the open class. Admiral King, Gymkhana Club horse with Bob Egan keeping him going without refusals, placed 1st over Donald Nathan's Flicka, also ridden by Private Egan. Third was General MacArthur, Nancy Wood up, over Mrs. J. Stanley Grepe's Skip-a-long and Killarney Lass, Betsy Wood riding.

A handy hunter class saw Flicka in 1st place with a clean go and the smoothest performance over Killarney Lass, Admiral King, Edwin Peabody's Last Act in his first public appearance after a long lay-off and Stuart Sieroty's Gold Flight, Betsy Wood up.

Jane Wood was an easy winner of

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The Chronicle Goes West

By John P. Bowditch

I believe that after the war we shall see a marked increase in riding all over the country and that organized hunting will be strong and on the increase.

Knowing the middle west fairly well, and knowing the scale on which, and the energy with which, they do things, when they get at it—I wanted to go out and see for myself what the situation was and who was carrying on and keen in the foxhunting-drag hunting, and horse-show area around Chicago and Milwaukee. I had hoped and expected to go to Detroit but when I recovered from an infected leg so I had freer action, I found that both Benjamin Coleman and Charles H. Pierce were out of town, so I shall have to postpone going to Detroit till later, and shall look forward to it with pleasure.

I got to Chicago February 8th, and

promptly called up Bernie Hopper as arranged when we met at the United Hunts' New Year's luncheon. He kindly arranged for me to meet the R. B. McIlvane, Jr. at their lovely place in Lake Forest the following evening.

Then I went to the office of the Horse and Mule Association where I spent a delightful hour with that able and interesting horse lover—Wayne Dinsmore. He must love mules, too, but we didn't get that far! I had been wondering where I could get a list of riding schools in the United States—how much riding was done in parks and on bridle trails and all to do with this great field of riders from which will come some who will want to jump and go on to the show ring and hunting field.

Had I known Dinsmore better, I

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General Palmer Swift Receives Merit Award From War Department

By Margaret de Martelly

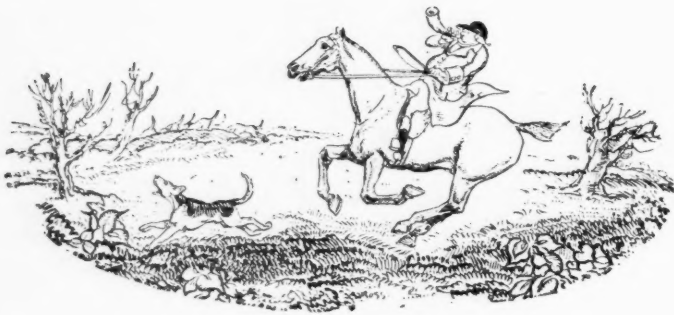
Aside from the troops of the First Cavalry Division who were trained by Major General Innis Palmer Swift, there's many a trooper rejoicing.

General Swift has been awarded the Legion of Merit medal for services rendered in preparing the units of the 1st Cavalry Division for their attack on the island of Los Negros of the Admiralty group.

The citation mentions General Swift's integration of his division into the "harmonious teamwork of the combined arms" and stated that "he has demonstrated professional attainments, knowledge, a fine sense of justice and a broad understand-

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Hunting Notes:-



Young Entry

By "Greenway"

This story is about a four-year-old mare and a fourteen-year-old boy. It is laid in a section of the country where fox hunting has flourished for nearly two hundred years and where the present hunt has been organized for over fifty. It was first organized by an Englishman who had moved into the district. He built it up carefully and in the best tradition, preferring to do a little well rather than too much in the wrong way. Then a younger generation came along that wanted action and plenty of it. During the short time they were in control, they ran a drag over the stiffest country they could find. The man who got in first, or who lasted longest (it often happened that no one finished) automatically became Master of the next hunt and laid the drag line to suit himself. This procedure undeniably produced thrills and spills, but was bound to lead to trouble.

Our story begins some thirty-five years ago when the hunt came galloping through a farm which adjoined that of one of the youngest and most "active" members. The owner was a careful farmer who took care of his fences and pride in his livestock. One of the horses blundered badly and took a whole panel of rails in a big snake fence down to the ground. That was bad enough but, worse still, no one went back to mend the damage. That night the cattle got out and it took many hours of work next day to get them back and to repair the fence. The owner swore (and who can blame him) that the hunt should cross his land no more. And when he died his widow kept the farm closed.

Years passed. The hunt had long since been reorganized on a sounder and more successful basis. There were plenty of foxes in the country and the men of the drag days were all gone. But still the farm was posted. It belonged to a daughter now, her husband farmed it, and a third generation was growing up—two boys. They, at any rate, seemed fond of horses. The present M. F. H. noticed that they were always riding the farm horses whenever they could. Here seemed a chance to make riders at least. So he lent them a good pony. The following summer he gave a party for the riding children of the country. They brought their ponies, their horses, their parents, and their lunch. There were bending races, potato races, musical chairs, a treasure hunt, and other games, all on horseback. Everyone had a fine time, particularly the two boys, whom we may call Lewis and John.

Lewis was fourteen, and a little big for the pony. He seemed so keen that the Master gave him a Thoroughbred filly. She was called **Fond Star**, a bit on the small side, but well-made and well-bred. Her sire was a classic winner and her dam's sire had produced some of the best jumpers and show horses in the country. She had shown no particular speed in training, but the Master had carried her along for just some such opportunity as this. Lewis came next day to get her and as he started for home on his own horse his eyes shone with a light that was ample payment for the gift. The Master sighed a little as he walked back to the house and thought back twenty-five years when, not much older than Lewis, an uncle had left him some money. To the considerable surprise of his parents he had promptly invested it in a hunter. He thought of the day he rode the horse home, 36 miles, and of all that had followed that purchase: learning to ride across country; of his first hunt; the years of good sport on both sides of the Atlantic; his opening meet as M. F. H. and his relief when hounds gave the field a brilliant day; the hard work and worry and responsibility. He turned to look at Lewis and **Star** and wondered where that journey would end.

Lewis' farm was in an outlying section of the country. Since the war had reduced the number of hunting days and there was, of course, no vanning to meets, only one fixture a month for that district could be arranged. It so happened, because of bad weather, that hounds could not go out on the two scheduled days in November and December, so that it was not until the last of January that hounds met close by. Both boys were at the meet, John riding the pony, bareback, and Lewis on **Star**. The mare was unclipped (as was to be expected) and seemed a little on the thin side, but saddle and bridle were spotlessly clean and Lewis had on a black corduroy cap of about the same shape as a hunting cap. The several children were sent ahead with a groom to a point near the first covert (a piece of woodland) where the fox might be expected to break and they would get a good view of the proceedings. Hounds and the field trotted to the far end so as to draw up wind and jumped three or four good sized fences on the way. To everyone's surprise Lewis left the other children and followed the field. His mare stopped at the first fence but he wheeled her around, gave her a kick, and over she came. The sec-

ond fence they took without hesitation, and the third. Woodcutters had been working in the covert and it was consequently drawn blank. On the way to the next, which was some distance away, there were a number of fences to be negotiated of various degrees of difficulty. The mare stopped at some of them, but she and her rider were both keen and, by the time hounds found, the pair had gained both experience and confidence. Lewis said they had been practicing after school in the late afternoons over some bars he had put up, but that no one had given him any lessons. Nevertheless, he sat well forward over his fences and showed better form than many well taught riders.

Hounds picked up the line of a fresh fox on the edge of some wooded rockbreaks and went away fast. The first fence was a small one, the second a good sized panel, and the third a rather formidable rail fence, with a sunken roadway on the landing side and a steep bank beyond. The little mare's ears were pricked forward as she felt for the first time the excitement that for thousands of years has filled alike the hearts of horse and hound, of king and peasant, of town and countryman,—the excitement of the chase. The boy felt it too. His heart was where the heart of every good fox hunter should be—on the far side of the fence. The Master took the most feasible panel on the left, followed by most of the field, but the boy and mare took a bigger place on the right, landed cleverly in the middle of the road, bounded up the bank and over a big stone wall (their first) on the top and into a field just in time to see hounds tumbling over another wall at the far end. Another half mile and hounds checked for an instant where the fox had run the road for a hundred yards. The field filed through a gate the huntsman had opened and Lewis was off his horse, closed it, and was on again as hounds joyously opened on the line. The pace which had previously been good was faster now as our pilot, who had been running down wind, now turned across it, parallel to a lane and well in view. Two miles on he again changed his course, this time turning up wind, and hounds now began really to fly and the field to spread out. Straight as a string he ran for the earth four miles away which meant refuge and safety, and hounds drove him as hard as he could gallop every foot of the way. Only four got to the end where hounds were trying desperately to wedge themselves into three holes among a mass of tangled honey-

suckle—and one of the four was Lewis.

In spite of the fact that she was unclipped, the mare looked cooler than the other horses who had done a full season and were smooth coated. In fact, she seemed hardly to have drawn a long breath. Then we realized for the first time that the mare was really in racing condition, that her trim figure was the result of steady work, not of light feeding. As for Lewis, in the space of a few hours he had been transformed from a keen rider into a confirmed fox hunter—and any confirmed fox hunter who reads this has only to think how HE felt after fifty minutes of the best (especially his first fifty minutes) with hounds clustered around an earth, and he will know how Lewis felt—and looked. It had been a good day, but everyone as they hacked home that night thought most of the boy and his little mare and how well they both had gone.

Next day the Master talked to Lewis' father, told him everything that had happened the day before and said that he hoped Lewis would be out soon again. "He certainly will," was the answer. "He's talked of nothing else since he got home last night and I guess he dreamed it all over a few times after he went to bed. Do you know what he's been doing this fall after he got home from school? Besides riding the mare he's been putting up jumps all over the farm. His kid brother seems to be bitten with the same bug and the farm goes to them anyway some day, so I reckon we'll just have to let the jumps stay where they are."

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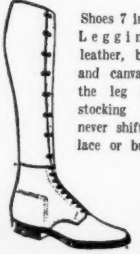
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GENESEE VALLEY HUNT

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The 1943 Hunting Season in the Genesee Valley was excellent. Although these notes are definitely behind time, I hope that they are not too late for those enthusiasts who were unable to hunt here this year, and that they may even be late enough to be appreciated by some of those few active fox hunters left on the Genesee Valley "home-front" in case their memory of the good hunting may be growing a bit dim.

The members of the Genesee Valley Hunt lost a treasured friend when Mrs. W. Austin Wadsworth died this winter. She filled a very special place in the hearts of all her friends.

The opening meet of the Genesee Valley Hunt was held on September 2nd at the Homestead, the residence of Mrs. W. Austin Wadsworth in Geneseo. The master, Mr. Edward D. Mulligan hunted hounds and Andrews the kennel huntsman acted as first whip. Fifteen and a half were out. There was a light fog and it continued cloudy all day. Scent was pretty good.

A line was immediately picked up in the field across the road just west of the Homestead. The fox ran down to the flats, up the Fall Brook Gully, and then into the Homestead woods, where he disappeared.

The master took the hounds back to the flats where they found another fox and this time marked him to ground. A third fox gave the field several good loops around the flat, and disappeared; so the master called it a day and the field returned to the Homestead where lunch was served.

There were nineteen in the field: Miss Grace Moffet of Rochester and Mr. Don Patterson of Buffalo and the rest were local enthusiasts.

Wednesday, October 6

Hounds met at Farview. There were 4 in the field. Jim Evans of Buffalo was out for the first day of his "Week's Hunting-Vacation" (this was incidentally his first vacation in two years; Jim is working for Curtiss-Wright).

The master was not highly pleased with the day's hunting. He drew the Black Creek Woods and discovered where all the deer had been staying. Andrews saw, as usual, "twenty" deer. Previous to this hunt

deer had not been as much in evidence as usual. However, a good fox was found in the Little Oxbow and ran to the Big Woods and through it to the south end of the Big Ride.

Then Andrews saw a fox cross the Ride. Hounds were put on this line and ran around in the woods. It was very warm and the scent was not too good. They weren't "getting anywhere" with this fox so they were taken down to the south end of the woods again. Just outside of the woods hounds showed a slight line in a reedy place. Then apparently they passed right over the fox! He jumped up behind them and made for the Big Woods.

Two members of the field tried to improve on the Fox's ideas and attempted to head him away from the woods, but he knew his own mind. He went through the Big Woods, across the Big Oxbow, and on to the Little Oxbow to the cover where the original hunted fox had been found. By this time it was about a hundred in the shade and everyone and his horse was "done in". The ground was like iron.

Saturday, October 9

The meet was at the kennels. Besides the local enthusiasts there were in the field Don Patterson, Jim Evans, and Miss Marion Miller from Buffalo; Lieutenant Reverdy Wadsworth who was at home on leave; and Miss Grace Moffet, Major Donnelly, and "Sam" Weller of Rochester.

At the south end of the Oneida Woods a fox jumped up in the middle of the pack and ran into the woods. Another jumped up right in front of the master, who "coursed" this second fox. Neither fox was accounted for but the field had an enjoyable day in spite of the fact that there was some deer trouble and the hounds crossed the river.

Luncheon was served by Mrs. E. D. Mulligan.

October 11 was a bye-day

Hounds met at the North Farm at Geneseo. There were many foxes that were willing to run around in the open. The scenting was very bad but every time the hounds were at fault the fox would jump up, so much as to say "Here I am!" and off they would go for a bit. The ground was dry and hard and there was great need of rain.

Wednesday, October 13

The meet was at the Conesus Farm. It was hot and dry and the ground was very hard. Hounds found in the Little Oxbow. The fox was viewed but was going down wind

and hounds were unable to pick up the line. However, luckily he very soon turned up wind so that hounds could follow and there was a run to the Big Woods. Two foxes were found and in each case hounds could run them only up wind. It was a beautiful day in spite of the difficulties of hunting and was thoroughly enjoyed by Mrs. Reginald Taylor who came over from Buffalo for the day. The master refused to admit that it was a beautiful day.

Hounds met at the North Farm. There was deer trouble to start with and to end up with. Hounds crossed the river on deer but most of them came back. A fox was put up in the Black Walnut lot and he gave a short, snappy run down to the river bank, where he probably crossed the river. Another fox was found at the Indian Fort and ran toward the Williamsburg Woods and then went on toward the Homestead woods. This line converged with a deer line which was being run by "Bandit". All the hounds were gotten off the deer line but of course the fox had to be abandoned.

Saturday, October 23

Hounds met at the Sugarberry School. There were four foxes hunted. Each gave a brisk run of about two miles. Several times the fox ran into herds of cattle that messed things up considerably. Scent was excellent in the open and simply nonexistent in cover.

The first fox was found in the Little Oxbow and ran to the Big Woods where hounds split, some going on ahead on the hunted fox and

others running a cub.

The second fox was found in the Big Bow of the Nations and ran back to the Big Woods and into a herd of cattle.

The third fox was found in the Nursery by Pansy Shiverick. Hounds were put on the line and ran the fox into the Wheeler Gully where they lost him. Then deer appeared in the Gully and Andrews didn't see "twenty" as usual but "any given number!" The fourth fox was found by someone in the field outside the Oneida Woods. He ran south to the Bleak House property where cattle again bothered, and then east almost to the highway, then north through the Oak Lot to the Nations

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all
subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show
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Editorials

BECOME A MEMBER

Horse show time is rolling around again and throughout the country, dates are being set for the various events. Some of the shows are 1-day affairs, some 2 days and a few 3 days. Regardless of the length of the show, work, time and effort must be expended to promote the show and make it a success.

Which of the shows stands a better chance for success? If a fool-proof answer could be made, someone would make his million right away. However, this much can be contributed toward an answer: those shows which come in one of the types recognized by the American Horse Show Association will top the list.

At the Annual Meeting of the A. H. S. A. held on January 7, President Van Sinderen stated very clearly the advantages of a show operating under the sanction of the A. H. S. A. As each new show season arrives, in normal times, new shows spring up and some of them carry on while others fail in their first attempt. One answer is that the shows fail to apply for recognition by the A. H. S. A. and because they cannot extend the advantages as offered by member shows, they fail to draw top entries and become merely local affairs or have to cater to lower class Thoroughbreds, etc.

Any stable which plans an extensive showing campaign cannot afford to patronize non-member shows as their horses would not receive credit for the classes won. It would not, therefore, be practical to van entries for many miles, increase his showing engagements, only to finish the season with ribbons which would not go on the A. H. S. A. records.

The A. H. S. A. rule book states that "Horse shows, agricultural or other organizations which have given two licensed shows under the rules of this Association shall be eligible for election to Show Membership."

The classification of recognized shows are regular show members, local show members, honorary show members, inactive show members, licensed shows, junior shows and military shows.

A regular show member is one which has been elected to membership with the Association.

Those shows which are not members but wish to become licensed must apply to the A. H. S. A. for a license to conduct a show. When such a license is granted, the license fee shall be based on the amount of prizes offered by the prize list, in the same manner as the dues of show members.

By becoming a licensed show, the events may be conducted under the rules of the Association; the proposed dates will be approved; protests will be decided by the executive committee should the show committee be unable to reach a decision; exhibitors will not have to compete against any other exhibitor or judge who has been barred by the Association; records of all

ribbon winners will be kept and the Association Medal, the Good Hands Cup and the MacLay Cup classes may be held, etc.

President Van Sinderen has issued an invitation to all shows to become members of the A. H. S. A. This should be accepted by all associations with the idea of increasing its entries and enlarging the show due to the increase.

Letters to the Editor

Horsemanship Theories

Dear Editor:

Following my article concerning the standing martingale, I have received quite a few letters, only two of which disagree with me.

Mr. Russell Stuart's letter was published in the March 3rd issue. In answering, I shall combine it with my other opponent whose letter was not directed to the editor. He disagrees with some of the principles of the forward seat, as well as the martingale ideas.

This is not the first time that I have made rather rabid statements against the use of a standing martingale on a horse that is to jump. On each of the other occasions I drew a blank. This time I think I hit the jack pot. This was partly my purpose as it is an interesting subject to discuss.

I should like to begin by saying that any horseman (including those of us who write lengthy columns) who thinks his theories cannot be improved, is not a student of horsemanship.

Horsemanship, like medicine, is a science. Each generation dispels some theory and adds something new. Its study dates back to 776 B. C., which is the first year of recorded history in ancient Greece.

Mr. Stuart quotes Colonel McTaggart who, a generation or two ago, was probably a great horseman. His theories were not his own but of a school of thought obtained in England in his day. Most of his doctrine has long since been considered outmoded. Though he wrote, he rode by ear. Anyone who accepted new ideas that upset the pretty traditions of old England, was an apostate.

The other letter which I am answering jointly, also supports some of Col. McTaggart's "isms". One of this reader's theories is that in going over a jump, the rider should line himself up with the hocks on the arc of departure but he should change the position of the shoulders when directly over the obstacle so that he is lined up with the forehead on the arc of arrival. In other words, from the toe of the landing horse to the button on the rider's cap, there would be one straight, continuous line, pointing rearward. This change obviously constitutes a terrific jolt, an awful haul on the reins and a fearful thud on the horse's loins which are his power house. One basic tenet of the forward seat theory, is to disturb the horse as little as possible. The only way to do it is to keep off of his loins. The only way to avoid being caught behind and snatching the horse's mouth is to keep the shoulders forward. The only way to provide security is to keep the insides of the thighs in light, elastic contact. This cannot be done if the rider is leaning against the current.

In speaking of the standing martingale, Mr. Stuart uses the term "properly adjusted". This word, no doubt, means "loosely" adjusted, which means that the equipment is useless as a martingale. If it is brought into play at all, it DOES restrict the necessary freedom of the horse's head and neck and IS, in the

opinion of the experts, wrong.

Mr. Stuart says a horse tucks his head in when he falls. That may or may not always be true, but he certainly has to throw his head in the air to get up again. Mr. Stuart refers to the breast plate, used alone without the running or standing attachment. The sole purpose of this piece (used alone) is to keep an improperly fitting saddle from slipping back.

He refers also to rein stops. They, of course, should be used. However, there should be no danger of the martingale rings being caught in the curb rings because the martingale should not be attached to the curb reins. The running peace, the lesser of two evils, should be attached to the snaffle reins of a double bit bridle, the same as it is on the single snaffle rein of a hunting bridle. The snaffle elevates. The curb depresses and the martingale depresses. A martingale on the curb destroys all use of the snaffle. That is a vicious way to attach the martingale. Why not hang a sash weight on the curb! In the field, I once won this argument about the standing martingale but I got no joy from my victory because the poor man broke his collar bone and ruined his horse.

England is the mother of hunting as we know it today. To her we are eternally grateful for what we know of hound work. England has nourished and preserved and handed down all of the traditions and knowledge of hunting which we now possess. She stands alone in this contribution. In matters of horsemanship, however, she is notoriously backward. This is evidenced by her performances at the Olympic games. These games are recognized as the acid test. They display military equitation of the highest development and the most difficult that man and nature can conjure. Riding in the hunting field is secondary, no matter how difficult the terrain. I have had the privilege of seeing the performances of men like Sloan Doak, Jadwin, Curtis, Chamberlain, Thomason, Bradford, Isaacson, Kitts, Aaguse, C. Square Smith, and Norman Fiske. I have known some of them and have ridden with them. Their brand of military equitation is the only type that is actually and really approached on a scientific basis.

Through the system of exchange of student officers, we gave and we took theories from Saumur, Turin, Vienna, Germany, Sweden, Russia, The Irish Free State, the Orient and many others. Each nation sent two officers to the United States and we sent students to their cavalry schools. Fort Riley was our laboratory.

In the final analysis, the doctrine of all is essentially the same. Two of these tenets are, to provide absolutely no interference with the extension of the horse's head and neck during jumping, and, to lean forward without charging, from the beginning of the approach to the third stride on the far side of the jump.

I certainly do not speak lightly or disrespectfully of the knowledge and experience of some of the outstanding horsemen of our eastern hunts who disagree with these two

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Keswick To Hold Its Neighborhood Show On March 25

Keswick Hunt Club's Neighborhood Horse Show will be held Saturday, March 25, 10 a. m., at the Keswick Show Grounds, Keswick, Virginia.

This show is for hunters which have hunted during the 1943-44 season. (This does not apply to green hunters, pony classes, saddle and driving classes). As the purpose of this show is to encourage owners to ride their own personal hunters, exhibitors are requested not to exhibit any horse which is kept primarily for show purposes. The purpose of this show is to encourage amateur riders. Blemishes and defects which do not impair a horse's usefulness in the hunting field are not to be considered.

An admission charge of 55 cents, including tax, will be made for the show.

Post entries throughout the show. First place prize and ribbon; 2nd ribbon and 3rd ribbon in each class. An entry fee of 50 cents will be charged for all horse classes; 25 cents for pony classes.

The stalls at the show grounds will be at the disposal of exhibitors. No bedding will be furnished.

Exhibitors are allowed to school in the ring any time prior to the show, but they are requested not to do so if the ring is muddy.

Because of difficulties arising from Government rationing, no luncheon will be served at the horse show so all exhibitors and spectators will have to furnish their own lunch.

Twenty classes are listed for ponies, green hunters, working and Thoroughbred hunters, driving classes, open jumpers and a veterans and groom's class. At the end of the show, a prize will be donated to the horse or pony which has accumulated the greatest number of points during the show, irrespective of what classes they may have won in. 1st—5 points; 2nd—3 points; 3rd—1 point.

Miss Punkins

Alan E. Dye of Rochester, N. Y. has sold his Thoroughbred mare, Miss Punkins to Orval Warren of Webster, N. Y. Miss Punkins is a daughter of Northcliffe. Still in his stable, however, Dye has a daughter of Miss Punkins and the stallion, Thunderation, and a filly foal by Sailor King—Miss Punkins, which foal is a grand daughter of Man o'War.

Our Hampshire Hog Auction will be held on our place on APRIL 6 and our Aberdeen-Angus Auction, on APRIL 28. Colonel Arthur W. Thompson of Nebraska, the well-known auctioneer, will conduct both sales. It is our usual good stock that will be sold.

Catalogues will be available shortly

Breeders of
Purebred
Hampshire Hogs
Suffolk County
Long Island
New York

H I STOCK FARM

Registered
Aberdeen-Angus

Ty Shea Is Appointed As Racing Secretary

Mathias C. "Ty" Shea, of Baltimore, Md. was named by Judge James E. Dooley to succeed the late Robert S. Shelley as Narragansett's racing secretary. Shea will be the fourth racing secretary in the eleven years of Gansett history, succeeding John Banks Campbell, Pat Horgan and Bob Shelley.

Shea has been an official at all the Maryland tracks, which includes Pimlico, Bowie, Havre De Grace, Laurel, Timonium, Bel Air, Hagerstown, Cumberland and Marlboro. He also served at Delaware Park. In order to accept the highly attractive offer made by Narragansett, Shea had to do considerable re-arranging of his schedule—a difficult task which held up the completion of the Gansett arrangement until now.

Shea is not entirely unfamiliar with New England's racing tastes and requirements. He served at Suffolk Downs in 1935 and was racing secretary at Agawam in 1936-37-38.

While the direction of Gansett's racing affairs is Shea's most important assignment to date, those who know his ability are confident that with added scope and more authority, "Ty" will turn in a job worthy of the fine officials who were his predecessors.

Deep Run Trials

Continued from Page One

and horses are to be ready by 1:30 p. m.

The classes will consist of green hunters, members' class, open hunters and a corinthian.

Entries eligible for the green hunters are those horses which have not been hunted for more than one season and which have not won a first ribbon at a recognized show in hunter classes over jumps exceeding 3'-6" prior to January 1, 1944.

The members' class is open to horses owned or hunted by members of Deep Run Hunt Club which have completed at least 2 hunts with Deep Run during the 1943-44 season.

Open hunters is open to all horses, green or otherwise. Last year the Edgewood Farm's Easter Eve won the open-to-all event under a fine ride by Mrs. W. Haggin Perry.

In the corinthian class horses are to be ridden by members of a recognized hunt and horses must have been hunted at least 3 times. Riders must be in full hunting attire and appointments are to be considered. Members of the armed forces may ride in uniform.

For information, write Miss Eileen Brent, 100 North Linden Street, Richmond, Virginia.

General Swift

Continued from Page One

ing of human nature." It adds that he built his division into a smoothly operating and highly efficient fighting team.

Palmer Swift was born February 7, 1882 at Fort Laramie, Wyoming. He graduated from West Point in the class of 1904, the son of a West Point graduate who was also the son of a West Point graduate. His children are all daughters.

He has served as an instructor of horsemanship at the Cavalry School at Fort Riley. From 1923 until 1929, he was commanding officer of Colored Detachment No. 2 at Fort Leavenworth. This unit was subsequently absorbed into the 10th Cavalry at that post. Although these darkies used to tremble at "the Major's" ire, there was not a one of

them who wouldn't have risked his life for him. He showed them how to work but he also showed them how to play and he saw to it that they had the means and the places to play. His escort troop was the snappiest that ever turned out. People out there still talk about that band of ebony faced troopers that officially greeted President Coolidge at the Union Station Plaza in Kansas City. The chestnut horses, white leg bands, white brow bands, nose bands, saddle cloths and halter shanks, the darky troopers with drawn sabres, made even a president gasp.

Those of us who knew him there and had the high privilege of riding in his classes, do not find it hard to understand this honor paid him by the War Department, and we wish we might have seen the face of Nellams, his colored groom at Leavenworth, when the citation was announced.



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DOUBLE SCOTCH

BAY, 1934

Fee \$100 Return

Special Terms to Stakes Winners and Dams of Stakes Winners

Ultimus.....	Commando.....	Domino.....
Stimulus.....	Running Stream.....	Emma C.....
Hurakan.....	Uncle.....	Domino.....
	The Hoyden.....	*Dancing Water
	*Sir Gallahad III.....	*Star Shoot
Lady Minnie.....	Plucky Liege.....	The Niece
	Friar Rock.....	*Esher
	Miss Minnie.....	The Maid
		Ajax
		Rondeau
		Spearmint
		Concertina
		*Rock Sand
		*Fairy Gold
		*Meddler
		*Spectrum

First dam a winner and stake producer. Second dam, Minima, dam of Porter's Mite (Futurity), Mito (Arlington Lassie, Fashion Stakes), Maxima (DeBut Stakes, etc.), Mynah (18 wins to eight), Little Taussig, Fight Talk, Wolf Wolf and Sir Herbert Barker. Minima's get have won a total of \$122,615. Third dam, Miss Minnie, dam of Grey Lag, winner of 25 races and \$136,675. Double Scotch was an exceptionally fast horse. He started 5 times in allowance races and stakes. He won 2 races and was second twice by a head, in races in which the winners broke the track record at Suffolk Downs. An accident caused his retirement to the stud.

Double Scotch is a fine representative of the great Domino line. He is a well made horse with lots of substance. From his first get to reach the track he produced Two Timer (20 wins), Double Time, Flying Kilts, Shined Up, Oxie, Triple Scotch (broke track record) and others.

On March 6, 1944 RATION SCOTCH won easily by 5 lengths, The Flagler at Veterinary Park, distance—6 furlongs, time—1:11 2-5.

Veterinary Certificate Required. Visiting Mares Boarded.

Maj. Charles V. B. Cushman
WINDSOR FARM, UPPERVILLE, VA.

SEDFIELD HUNT

High Point,
North Carolina.
Established 1927.
Recognized 1941.



Foxhunters are always interested in the weather if it is a hunting day, and those of the Sedgfield woke up early on the morning of Saturday, March 4, looked out at the slight drizzle of rain and wondered if another Saturday Hunt would be rained out. The fixture was scheduled for Adams farm at 9:30 and a little before nine found quite a few at the stable with the sky brightening slightly and hunting conditions of the very best. They hacked over to Adams farm to find four or five waiting and the cast was made promptly at 9:30 as scheduled. Ten minutes had not elapsed before hounds found. It was a little slow for possibly ten or fifteen minutes longer and then the hounds seemed to have the line straightened out and the race was on.

To the east around the lake and then to the north; to the east through a soggy field; through the Adams woods to the north and into the Boren pasture. A sharp turn to the west into a wooded trail slowed down the field and brought them into single file formation; down a hill through a creek and straight west back to the Adams farm and down a farm road for about 150 yards. The turn was then south into the woods again and again to the west. Scenting conditions were perfect and by this time the entire pack was giving sound and also giving a perfect exhibition of hound work. Straight to the west through wooded trails and then to the south again across the county highway into the Armstrong property.

The Sedgfield hunting country is quite wooded and it is often necessary to follow trails in order to make any time at all.

By this time the hounds were wide open and from the frenzied roar it was evident that they were quite sure of the line they were running. They evidently sounded a little too close for comfort for Mr. Red, because, instead of following his usual routine of going straight west to the Armstrong property and across the Jamestown-Guilford College Highway into the High Point City lake property—which is exceedingly rough—he doubled back to the east through some swampy country and turned south again across the county highway back into the Adams farm land.

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Hounds were soon on to his tactics but he had gained a little. To show his sportsmanship he passed within 300 yards of a good den and elected to retrace the route that he had just traveled. Again he crossed the country road to the south and crossed through the Armstrong property to the west. Horses were a little winded and Huntsman Thomas elected to use the county highway for a little while until it could be ascertained as to just what this sporting fox would do next.

Everything was very still with the exception of an occasional army plane flying over and the pack was giving an exhibition of probably the best hound work that has been shown during the entire season. Riders could stand on the road and hear the pack perfectly. For approximately 10 or 15 minutes everyone enjoyed the music which came strong and clear. Then, again into the Armstrong woods to the south and back to the east and north across the county highway back into the Adams farm property and through the Adams woods into the Boren pasture and through the Boren woods to a culvert which ran under a farm road. Here, the fox showed good judgment and took to the culvert.

The last burst after leaving the county highway had been rather furious and the field was pretty well strung through the territory. Joint-Master Rochelle, Honorary Whipper-In Charles Kearns and one of the best sportsmen in the hunt, Dr. A. T. Smith, had managed to hang on to Huntsman Thomas' flying heels and be on hand when hounds were lifted and started on the way back home.

It was noted that the race had lasted for two hours and 15 minutes and, while not near as long as some of the season, it had been long enough and fast enough to satisfy everyone riding. Upon the return to the stables a quick change from horses to cars and the entire group were off to the Embassy Club where Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Meitner and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Briggs were entertaining at breakfast.

It really turned out to be "brunch" instead of breakfast as about twenty sat down to the table at one o'clock and enjoyed a Hunt Breakfast for which Helen of the Embassy Club is famed. It seems that hardly any sport brings out the warm fellowship that comes to those who fox-hunt. After the breakfast everyone was loathe to leave. Gin-rummy and bull sessions developed and it was five o'clock before the club had been emptied of the breakfast guests. All were grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Meitner and Briggs for fine entertainment and looking forward to Thursday when the next fixture was scheduled.

Thursday, March 9 found half a dozen on hand at the stables for the mid-week event. The day was rather cold, exceedingly windy and very clear. Cast was made just west of the stables and for a few minutes it seemed that luck would again be with Sedgfield. There was no question of a fox having been in the territory but to work it out in the high wind was just a little too much to expect. Hounds were lifted and repeatedly cast and lifted and cast again over a period of two and one half hours. An occasional yelp would bring forth hope but nothing developed.

Back to the stables and just another day until Saturday and another fixture.—T. V. R.

Remaining Fixture

Saturday, March 18, Live Hunt,
from Adams' Farm at 9:30 A. M.,

ROMBOUT RIDING
AND HUNT CLUB

Poughkeepsie,
New York.
Established 1925, 1929.
Recognized 1931.

The night before Saturday, February 26th, our Master, Homer Gray, decided to change the time the hounds usually meet from eleven o'clock to one o'clock on the theory that, while scent had been very poor for some time, it was possibly improving in the late afternoons.

There was no question about scent this day, however. After weeks of dry, cold and high winds, the atmosphere was damp, the temperature 33 degrees as we left the kennels, and very little wind. It was one of those days when scent was unbelievably strong so that if a fox were above ground in any covert drawn, he would be certain to have every hound pushing him out at no uncertain pace.

Wappingers' Creek just below the kennels was about normal, so it was forded at the usual place and hounds were hacked to the swamp alongside of Rothenburg's woods, as a fox is sometimes in this swamp looking for frogs; whether that was the reason that day we don't know, but in there he was, and he left in a great hurry. In the many times we have found a fox in this swamp or the woods, no one could remember his ever having run to the east which necessitates not only his crossing the Creek which is quite wide at that point, but after crossing lies Vassar College with busy roads only a half mile or so farther east.

This fox was possibly a stranger or had come over from Millbrook to see what kind of sport Rombout was having. At any rate, he shot east for the Creek, still half covered with ice, leaving about half the Field the lower side of the covert which is the usual place for them to be when that covert is drawn.

By the time the Master reached the stream, the pack was swimming across, and as it is too deep to cross there, he took that part of the Field which was with him and started south to cross the Creek where we originally came over a mile or so below. By this time the other members of the Field arrived at the bank in time to see the disappearing Master and hear the hounds still running east up the high hill which rises from the river.

As the hounds shortly seemed to be turning north, they decided themselves to go north to the bridge and cross there instead of following the Master. This turned out to be right, as just as they reached the bridge, which is about a mile and a half to two miles away, they heard hounds again; and in a few minutes, the pack came into view having recrossed the stream and were running a breast high scent through the fields just south of the bridge. It was a wonderful sight and looked as if every hound was up and certainly every hound was tonguing the good news that they were not far behind that fox.

The stranger then turned south and the second detachment of the Field, which had now become the first, as the Master and his followers had gone all the way around, hurried out to the road; and as they were galloping south on the road, they viewed a beautiful big fox recross the road to the Rothenburg

followed by Breakfast given for riding members by Mr. and Mrs. Shirley S. Hurt and family at their Sedgfield home.

woods just about at the point he had originally crossed to the Creek. Not over fifty yards behind him were three hounds and a short distance back of them the entire pack. They were pushing him so hard then that he slid through the woods and out

Continued on Page Nineteen

Foxhunters!

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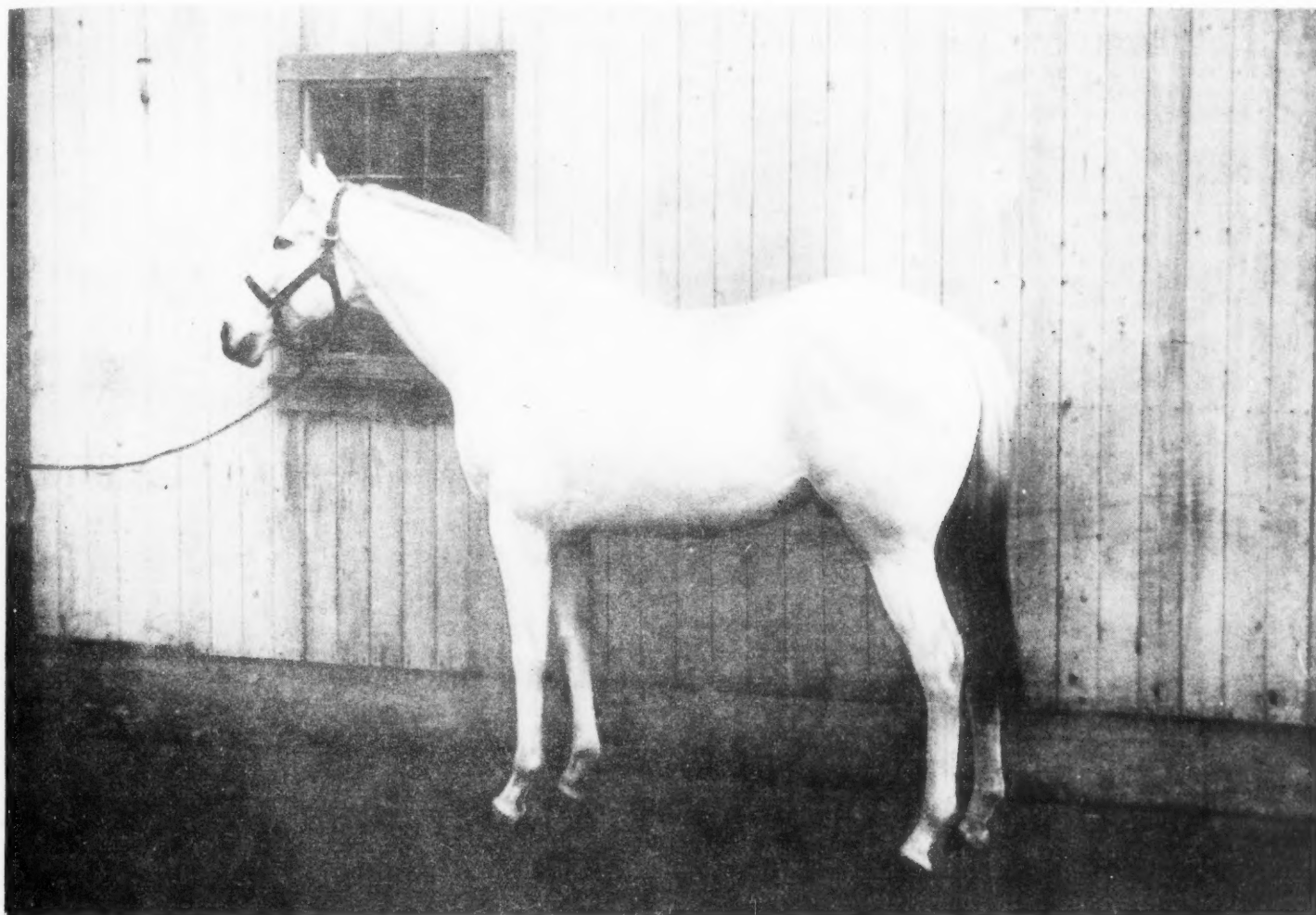
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MILWAUKEE'S NEW REMOUNT STALLION
(Photo by Bert Dolan)



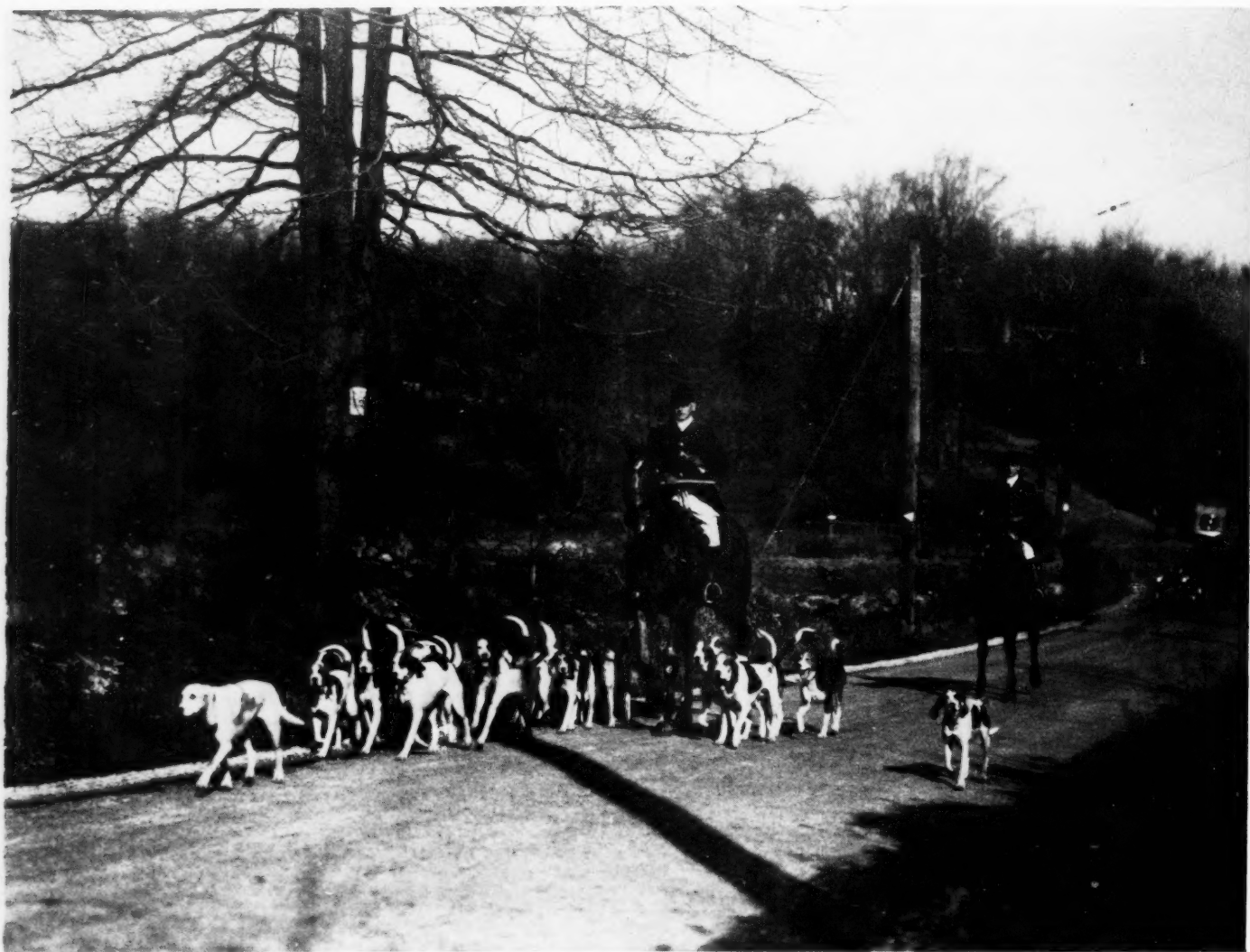
Two Remount stallions have thus far been assigned to the Wisconsin area, CHIEF FLAG standing at Dr. O. A. Backus' farm, Nekoosa, and the above, GREY FRIAR, standing at Robert H. Walter's farm. GREY FRIAR was foaled in 1933 and is by the English stallion BAYTOWN, out of *MARRIAGE LINES, she being by TRACERY.

LOVELY NIGHT



Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark's LOVELY NIGHT stands at Elsmear Farm, Lexington, Kentucky. LOVELY NIGHT was a winner in each of the four seasons he raced, a stakes winner in two seasons. He won 14 races and \$55,660, was five times second, five times third. LOVELY NIGHT is a son of the successful young sire PILATE (also sire of EIGHT THIRTY, etc.) and out of the dam of the stakes winner POMPEYS PILLAR and two other winners from six foals. LOVELY NIGHT was bred to 17 mares last year.

FAIRFIELD AND WESTCHESTER JUNIOR DRAG



An old picture of Fairfield and Westchester Hounds, Greenwich, Conn. showing Alton Gover, huntsman, and Herman (Buster) Chadwell, 1st whip. The bottom photo shows the Fairfield and Westchester Jr. Drag of several years ago meeting at the Round Hill Club Stables. On the front row can be seen Herman, (Buster), Chadwell, 1st whip, Mrs. Howard Serrell, M. F. H., Alton P. Gover, huntsman and Miss Margaret McCullough honorary whip.

Notes From Great Britain

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

Many Foxes Being Killed In John Peel's Country By Unsporting Methods

Recently, even in these days when foxes have to be destroyed by unsporting methods in some areas, many got a shock by seeing a photograph of four foxes shot during one day by a Cumbrian—in a county which traditionally looks up on the vulpine species as almost sacred.

Now, from the same land of John Peel, comes a report of a twelve-year-old girl living at Braithwaite, having picked up a stick on the road and killed a fox which was being hunted by the Belbreak Hounds. The fox was unable to get through the fence on the far side of the highway and the child killed him and carried home the corpse.

Many of us could tell stories of hard-run foxes which have mysteriously disappeared into the blue. Some of them have been shut up in outhouses by sympathizers who have seen them enter and have wished to preserve their lives. Some have been killed by cur dogs, others by gunmen who act on the principle "It's a fine day let's go out and shoot something". There have been occasions when those who have thwarted hounds in one or the other of these ways, have brought considerable unpopularity on themselves when hounds have run almost to their very doors and could then make no more of the line. Never before have I heard of a child killing a hunted fox.

"The Dales Fox Fund" (which has as President the Rev. T. B. Woodd), does not hide its light or its doings under a bushel. The open destruction of foxes for some reason is always considered "hot news" and gets a good Press. The "Fund" mentioned last year paid for 216 foxes, or rather for their brushes, produced as evidence. The annual report records that £1 was paid for each full-grown fox killed, and 5s each for cubs "averaging 11s for each brush", and continues triumphantly: "over 30 were known to be vixens in cub". It is also stated that "although so many foxes have been destroyed they appear to be as numerous as ever."

In the rough moorland areas not visited by foxhounds what can be said against this slaughter? It is sad to hear of foxes being dug out, shot or trapped by Tom, Dick and Harry for gain, and recalls to my mind what the Master of a small hill pack said to the M. F. H. of a fashionable low country Hunt. It was this: "You ought to allow us two or three hundred pounds a year for preventing your foxes staying on the hills and fells. They would be entirely lost to you if we did not run them back again into the vale".

Long Masterships

In answer to a correspondent, Mr. John Crozier was born in 1822 and was Master of the Threllkeld (afterwards called the Blencathra), Hounds from 1839 to 1903—probably a record. The Rev. E. M. Reynolds was Coniston M. F. H., from 1881 to 1908.

Another correspondent asks me when the Cleveland last killed a May fox and if any packs continued to hunt into May prior to the war, since which seasons have ended in Febru-

ary. The Cleveland killed two May foxes in the season 1901-02 (their total bag that season was 38 1-2 brace), and prior to the war the Cumbrian fell packs went on into May, lambing being later in hill countries, and moorland foxes occasionally killing a weakly or dying lamb.

Expenses Of Famous Hunt

When there is so much discussion as to what hunting is to cost after the war and where the money is to come from, it is interesting to glance at the balance sheet of one of the most famous packs at the dawn of this century. In the season 1900-1 Quorn subscriptions amounted to £5707 and expenditure to £5255. The disbursements included £773 for damage, £1429 poultry claims and £334 covert rents. The latter sum more than covers the whole of the expenses of the Cumbrian, Northumbrian and Yorkshire moorland hunts which show such wonderful sport and possibly kill more foxes than the fashionable packs in the Shires.

The Darley Arabian

Not a Thoroughbred exists which does not, either in the male or female line, contain the blood of the Darley Arabian. I am asked if the Yorkshire Darley family (of Aldby Park, York) who in 1704 imported the Arabian bearing their name, had any previous connection with horses.

The Darleys (whose crest in a horse's head) are an ancient line, and, being Yorks, goes without saying they, as country squires, would be interested in horses (apart from sport) at a time when the saddle was the main means of transport, and when most country squires had a pack of hounds, and were keen on making "horse course" matches with their neighbours. I find that in 1638 Thomas Alured in his will left to "my good friend and cozen, Henry Darley, a northern nag". These same "northern nags" so mixed with the imported Arabians that they proved the foundation stock of the Thoroughbred of today.

It is obvious that the Darleys were interested in horse-breeding for Mr. Thomas Darley, writing from Aleppo, 21st Dec., 1703 to his brother at Aldby Park, says:

"Since my father expects I should send him a stallion I esteem myself happy in a colt I bought about a year-and-a-half ago with a design to send him the first good opportunity. He comes four the latter end of March, or the beginning of April next. His colour is bay and his near foot before white, while both his hind feet have white upon them; he has a blaze down his face something of the largest. He is about 15 hands high, of the most esteemed race amongst the Arabs, and the name of the said race is called Mannicka."

Thos. Darley was living at Aleppo in connection with the affairs of the Levant Co. We find his father running the progeny of his Arabian at York in 1712, his Whistlejacket winning the Ladies' Plate there in that year. He probably ran horses anterior to this. The Sporting Magazine for 1823 describes the brother of Thomas Darley as "A sporting gentleman and proprietor of Buttercramb within a short distance of the city of York".

It was not until 1863 that the Mr. Henry Darley of that day registered scarlet jacket and black cap as his racing colours. His ancestor, Henry of Aldby Park, took over the famous Squire Draper's hounds and hunted a portion of what later became Sir Mark Sykes's country including part

of Holderness. William Draper died in 1746, so that over two hundred years ago one of the Darleys was running racehorses and another was a Master of Hounds. Prior to taking over Draper's pack Henry Brewster Darley had foxhounds, for his "Hound Book" (see "Earl Spencer's and Mrs. John Warde's Hounds") has on the cover "I began to keep hounds in 1733 and sold my pack to Lord Spencer in 1765 for 500gs. Kept foxhounds 32 years".

Grooms Of The Future

A well-known trainer and a Master of Hounds patron of his were this week discussing the question of stablemen of the future. "I'm still weekly receiving letters from lads who want to be employed in racing stables, but in view of the big money in town these applications are not so numerous", said the trainer. He added "Of course the lads who come to trainers all hope to become successful jockeys. Not one per cent of them ever do, but the fact remains that so long as town dwarfs are thought to be budding Gordon Richards', there will be no shortage of stablemen in training establishments after the war".

"I don't know where the old type of groom is coming from", said the M. F. H. "A lot of them were ex-cavalry troopers, who were well-disciplined, dependable and thorough, but that avenue is closed". "There are hundreds of men in the A. V. C. looking after army horses", replied the trainer. "They'll want jobs amongst horses when peace comes". "Maybe", retorted the M. F. H. "but will they be the type who'll be willing to sit about in a paddleroom waiting for mud-stained horses com-

ing home in the dark at some unknown hour, and start then to strap these horses and clean dirty tack? I doubt it!"

There is no denying that the old-time hunting-groom, and those employed in the stables of country house sportsmen had no easy time of it, and that with them work amongst horses was a real labour of love as well as a calling—one into which many of them were bred. It would seem that this type is now almost extinct and the tradition that actuated them has also been lost. For some years prior to the war we were accustomed to see advertisements for "groom-chauffeur-gardener-handyman", and this helped to break down the aforementioned tradition. A man who does his two horses well, and turns them and their "tack" out as it should be turned out, has a full-time job without being "odd-man" at the beck and call of the mistress and the kitchen staff. Once he has been made to feel his stable duties are not looked upon as first fiddle the real groom loses heart and interest.

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Chestnut, 1929, by The Porter—*Sobranje, by Polymelus
Sire of PAT O'SEE, ILEFETCHIT, CHARACTER MAN,
and the good 2-year-old, ROYAL STEP.

FEE—\$100 WITH RETURN

GREAT WAR

Gray, 1938, by Man o'War—Great Bell, by *Stefan the Great
We bred our best mares to him this year and think that he will make a good sire.

FEE—\$50 WITH RETURN

NIGHT LARK

Gray, 1939, by Bonne Nuit—Poulette, by *Coq Gaulois
FEE—\$25 WITH RETURN

BONNE NUIT

Gray, 1934, by *Royal Canopy—*Bonne Cause, by Bonfire
A hunter as well as a jumper champion, who needs no introduction, has 4-year-olds with the same manners and poise as their sire.

FEE—\$50 WITH RETURN

THE GENTLEMAN

(Pony sire)

FEE—\$15 WITH RETURN

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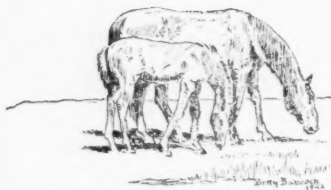
FEE—\$15 WITH RETURN

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Horsemen's News-Stakes Winners



Newly Named Babies Have Drawing Card Of \$230,000 In Chicago

The check now being made on 819 eligibility payments made for this summer's four major juvenile stakes—The Arlington and Washington Park Futurities and the Arlington Lassie and Princess Pat Stakes—reveals some interesting names for the leading 2-year-olds that will come to the races for the first time. These four events alone will have an estimated gross value of \$230,000, so the newly-named turf babies will have something big to shoot for in Chicago.

Horsemen had only until March 1 to register the names without penalty, under the rules of the Jockey Club.

It is not surprising to note a number of names connected with the world war, but tradition is being largely followed in getting tags tying in the sires and dams.

Warren Wright has selected optimistic **Hail Victory** for the **Blenheim II**—**Sable Scarf** bay colt that cost \$20,000 in last fall's sales. **Battlefire** is a **Bull Lea**—**Warlou** filly.

Charles S. Howard has **Mediterranean**, **Paramarine**, **Bismark Sea**, **General Aide**, **Sea Sovereign** and **Sea Aide** for his **Seabiscuit** youngsters. Col. C. V. Whitney will introduce **Jeep**, a ***Mahoud** colt out of a mare named **Traffic**. Main Chance Farm has a couple of **War Admirals** coming out as **War Jeep** and **War Date**.

Popping up are **Flying Colors**, **War Liberator**, **Greek Warrior**, **War Quest**, **Take Command**, **Lasting Peace**, etc.

Maxwell Howard is sticking with **Stage** to label the **Stagehand** get. He has **First Stage**, **Stage Fire** and **Stage Queen** for this year's crop. Harry Warner, the movie magnate, has a flock of **Agents** for the sire, **Special Agent**. They are **Blue Agent**, **King's Agent**, **Agent's Star**, and **Rea's Agent**.

Walter Shea must not be superstitious. Thirteen designates a **Thanks-giving-Go Seek** colt. Calumet Farm has a short number, **Two**, to tag a **Bull Lea**—**Two Bob** filly.

Mrs. Floyd West remembers election year with **Our Candidate** for a **Ted Easy**—**Rosemain** colt. There are only a few names so far for personages. Longchamps Farms has a **Bill Corum**, a ***Pharamond II**—**Benie M.** colt for the well-known New York sports' writer. L. J. Kearns goes for **Irish Stew** for an **Ariel**—**Zosara** colt. Greentree Stable keeps up its clever naming with **Coincidence** for a **Questionaire**—**Small World** colt.

KEEP ON
Backing the Attack!
WITH WAR BONDS
*****

Calumet Farm's home-bred **Teddy Haste** graduated from the maiden ranks in Tropical Park's Orange Blossom Stakes on the 11th and set a new track record of .53 2-5 for 4½ furlongs. Mrs. E. C. Salsbury's **Snarkling**, saddled by Hirsch Jacobs, broke the record established by **Darby Dienst** in 1939 when she won an allowance race on the 9th. Two-fifths of a second was clipped off her record by **Teddy Haste**.

Louisiana Farm's **Tiger Call**, a son of **Tiger**—**Stretch Call**, was the favorite, having won twice in 6 outings, with 3 seconds and 1 third. He was the early pace setter, followed by **Bomar Stable's Potsey**, with W. A. Coleman's **Don Chance** 3rd. **Don Chance** went into the lead ahead of **Tiger Call** in the stretch but **Teddy Haste** challenged the leaders at the finish to win by a nose, **Don Chance** placing by a head over **Tiger Call**. The blanket finish was completed as **Tiger Call** was 3rd by a head in front of **Circle M. Ranch's Wire Quest**.

Summaries
Saturday, March 11
 Orange Blossom Stakes, Tropical Park, 4½ f., 2-yr.-old colts and geldings. Purse, \$5,000 added; net value to winner, \$3,950; 2nd: \$1,000; 3rd: \$500; 4th: \$250. Winner: B. c. by Sun **Teddy**—**Four Eleven**, by **Haste**. Trainer: B. A. Jones. Time: .53 2-5 (new track record).
 1. **Teddy Haste**, (Calumet Farm), 114, C. McCreary.
 2. **Don Chance**, (W. A. Coleman), 122, H. Claggett.
 3. **Tiger Call**, (Louisiana Farm), 122, H. Lindberg.

Eleven started; also ran (order of finish): **Circle M. Ranch's Wire Quest**, 114, T. Atkinson; **Indian Rocks Stable's Darien**, 114, J. Santer; **Peterson & Childs' Provoker**, 114, M. Caffarella; **Bomar Stable's Potsey**, 114, N. L. Pierson; **Burke & Wyatt's Count Did**, 114, J. Adams; **Mrs. J. W. Stanley's Freddie's Pal**, 122, S. Brooks; **Greentree Stable's Geronimo**, 115, E. Arcaro; pulled up; **Brosnan & Malley's Ever On**, 114, J. Brennan. Won driving by a nose; place driving by a head; show same by a head. No scratches.

Middleburg Bowl

Continued from Page One

Hunt, riding. During the past cubbing season, **Mountville** was seriously injured when he became entangled in barbed wire. He had not shown any great improvement but it was thought he would get all right until a few weeks ago when it became necessary to have him put down.

Mrs. Douglas Prime's well-known point-to-pointer, **Kitty Kidd** is lined up to go with **Arnold Scruton** in the saddle. In the 1942 Middleburg point-to-point, not over a flagged course, **Kitty Kidd** was one of the "late" finishers, **Arnold** getting lost in the lower country and returning to the starting point rather late in the afternoon.

The other entries in the Middleburg Bowl are: **Capt. Alfred G. Allen's Genesee Joe**, rider—Pfc. Roland Ridgeway; **Mrs. Norman K. Toerge's Dedda-Broom**, rider—Lt. Phil Pool; **Mrs. Crompton Smith's Mowgli**, winner of the Bowl in 1942, rider—Henry Bowyer; **Mrs. Charles W. McCormick's Aggie**, rider—Sammy Nalle and owner-rider E. Jenkins on **Jay Bee Jay**.

Texas Notes

By Bud Burmester

Vanessa, one time fleet race mare, and daughter of **Morvich**—**Gnette** by **Chicle**, foaled a strapping chestnut filly by **Coldstream**, Wednesday at the D. C. Proctor Farm. The mare, which belongs to John W. Dial, the Goliad, Texas, breeder, will be mated with **Nedayr** for 1945 foaling. **Vanessa's** filly made an even four foals for Dial so far, two stud colts and two fillies. Previous foals were out of the French mare, **Anthonia II**, Dial's home bred **Oclibama**, and the well bred **Kiltamond**, half sister to **Mike Hall** and **Charley O**.

Dial has two mares, **Chispa De Oro** and **Cherry Rose**, full sisters, yet to foal. All six will ultimately be bred to the Burmester stallion. Dial also included a maiden three year old mare, **Kilwa Girl**, by **Universe** out of

Last year's winner of the ladies' point-to-point, **Col. Frederick Warburg's Battle Day**, will be back with his same jockey to try to make it two straight. **Dorothy McIlvain** will again be in the saddle and this combination will be one to beat.

Spencer Kimball and **Play Toy**, last season's runners up, are back again this year with **Kim** resorting to weights in her boots to make the 150 lbs.

Mrs. **Hubert Phipps'** entry will be ridden by **Mrs. Peggy McCormick**. The jumping combination of **Pat Lennen** and **Nimrod**, well known in the Long Island hunt country, make up another entry and **Peggy Squiers** has entered her mare, **Colleen**.

The first race is at 3 o'clock p. m.

Kiltamond and this one has already been bred.

It was moving today this week at **Fred and Mary Browning's Top O' The Hill**, all horses in training being transferred to **Arlington Downs**, where they will be sent through the heavy training routines by **Monte Preston**, new **Browning** trainer, who succeeded the veteran **Dick Vestal**. The transfer was made without incident. Two extra youngsters, belonging to another patron but in charge of **Preston**, were also sent to the former **Waggoner** training oval.

Scores of Thoroughbred breeders are converging on **Fort Worth** for the **Annual Fat Stock Show**, and it is to be regretted that no classes for Thoroughbreds were included. Several groups of half breeds and Palominos and other breeds will be shown.

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*BAHRAM \$2500.00

Br. 1932 by **Blandford**—**Friar's Daughter**—**Friar Marcus**.

Unbeaten as a racehorse. Winner of the 2000 Guineas, Derby, St. Leger, etc. Sire of **Big Game**, **Turkhan**, **Queen Of Shiraz**, **Golden Fawn**, etc.

*CHRYSLER II \$200 Return

Br. 1931 by ***Teddy**—**Quick Change**—**Hurry On**.

Stakes winner in both England and France, winner of **Salisbury Cup**, **Alexandria Handicap**, **Babraham Stakes**, **Durham Handicap**, etc., etc.

HEAD PLAY \$250 Return

Ch. 1930 by **My Play**—**Red Head**—**King Gorin**.

Winner of **Preakness**, **Suburban Handicap**, etc., and \$109,313 in stakes. Sire of **Tola Rose**, **Sheriff Culklin**, **Richmond Rose**, etc., etc. Through **December 31, 1943**, **Head Play** sired 31 winners of 68 races and \$50,758.00, including 9 2-year-old winners of 15 races, value \$12,745.00.

*QUATRE BRAS II \$250 Return

B. 1928 by ***Teddy**—**Plucky Liege**—**Spearmint**.

Full brother to ***Sir Gallahad III** and ***Bull Dog**. Sire of **Eurasian** (winner **Travers Stakes**, etc., 1943) **Quarter Moon** (Maryland Futurity, 1943) **Dotted Swiss**, **George Case**, etc., etc. Through **December 31, 1943**, ***Quatre Bras II** sired 30 winners of 76 races, value \$105,928.00, including 10 2-year-old winners of 25 races, value \$25,311.00.

All mares must be accompanied by satisfactory health certificate.

RETURN FOR 1 YEAR TO BE CLAIMED BY DECEMBER 1, 1944.

148 Nominations For Coming Renewal Of The Kentucky Derby

A total of 148 colts, fillies and geldings were nominated for the Kentucky Derby, but it is safe to say 130 of them will not get beyond the nomination stage. It costs but \$25 to name a 3-year-old for the race and with \$75,000 in added money as the prize, hope springs eternal that an **Exterminator** or a **Sir Barton** will loom to make history and hit the turf jackpot.

Of the 148 named the majority are colts, as usual. Fillies are seldom taken seriously in pre-Derby calculations; this is the first season since the days of **Top Flight** that handicappers believe one of the weaker sex may have a chance to duplicate the performance of **Regret**, the only filly to win a renewal since the inaugural running in 1875. Only 12 fillies are named, but 5 of them were stake winners in 1943, namely, **Twilight Tear**, **Miss Keeneland**, **Durazna**, **Whirlabout** and **Harriet Sue**. Right there is one of the interesting items of the coming renewal, for when has one young sire had three fillies named for the Derby, 2 of whom are entitled to high ranking—**Twilight Tear** and **Durazna**?

When the sons and daughters of **Bull Lea** are mentioned, however, a question immediately looms and that is, "Can they hold their speed over the Derby route?" If so, Calumet Farm again holds a powerful hand for both **Bull Weed** and **Twilight Tear** have shown well. **Twilight Tear** started the season with an impressive 3rd to such older speedsters as **Mettlesome** and **Adulator**. She appeared in perfect condition and has filled out over the winter months to be an eye-filling beauty. "Only time can tell whether she will go the Derby distance," says Ben Jones.

Only "time" will answer many Derby questions. The season is barely under way and by Wood Memorial time the fillies may have faded as did **Top Flight**, who could beat all the colts as a 2-year-old, but was eliminated in her very first start, the Wood Memorial, as a Derby possibility. It may be well to wait until **Platter**, **Pukka Gin** and other top-ranking colts are starters before getting too high on the fillies and "a second **Regret**."—T. R. A. Release

Altoona Show

Continued from Page One

this formerly predominately hunter show. There will now be both three and five-gaited novice, open and stake classes as well as three and five-gaited combination classes. Several classes for the increasingly popular Tennessee Walkers, as well as all the conformation and working hunter classes; a good number of touch and outs, open jumpers and jumper stake classes.

Altoona, with its near perfect show grounds, with box stall accommodations for several hundred horses and seating capacity for ten thousand spectators, feels that it is well on its way to make its horse show Pennsylvania's greatest.

Invitations to all exhibitors of horses are being prepared and will be in the mail in the near future. It is hoped that those show people who are now preparing their schedules will carefully consider Altoona, where a cordial welcome awaits them.

Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page One

where fluid and on the move toward new horizons, with the inevitable loss and destruction of personal and private records and papers that is always a feature of such social conditions.

As a matter of history, the breeding of the Thoroughbred—not as yet under that designation on either side of the sea—was a simultaneous process on both sides of it. As the United States of today then consisted of the Thirteen Colonies and were a part of the British dominions, allowing for the differences of habitat, life (or civilization) followed the same pattern here as "over there."

The introduction of racing, and the breeding of a distinct type of horse for turf purposes, was contemporaneous in both the Old Country and the Colonies, and the stock from which the eventual Thoroughbred breed was evolved was a common one.

It was not, however, until the year 1857, when Richard Ten Broeck made his historic "invasion" of England with a stable of American Thoroughbreds, winning many notable races there, including a group of great stake events, that the two branches of the same parent tree assumed rivalry.

From that time forward the custom of shipping American Thoroughbreds to England for both racing and breeding purposes, became an established one.

With its progress went also the custom of registering in the English Stud Book—the parent work of its kind—the pedigrees of the American horses which were used in England for breeding purposes.

That went on for over half a century; and then, in 1913, as aforesaid, the passage of the "Jersey Act" brought it to an abrupt and thus far complete standstill.

In the interim American blood had been merged with English in a large way, and many English pedigrees, from those of Derby winners down, exhibited American crosses which, when traced to their origin, were outside the canon of the English Stud Book.

The reason advanced by it sponsors for the passage of the "Jersey Act" was the necessity of safeguarding the "purity of blood" of the British Thoroughbred.

The ground being taken that the non-English crosses in American pedigrees were, in all cases, of "cold" blood, which "contaminated" the British "purity."

The speciousness of this claim was, however, at once made evident when the English Jockey Club, and the Messrs. Weatherby, took no steps to exclude from their Stud Book the great number of British-bred animals carrying American blood that had already been recorded in it.

If any real "purification" was the object sought for, such a proceeding was imperative.

But it was avoided under the pretext that previous registry in the Stud Book had conferred true Thoroughbred status upon them, and they could not therefore be deprived of it.

That this was only a pretext was made evident by the fact that on more than one occasion in the past animals had been deleted from the Stud Book, after being registered in it, when investigation demonstrated that they were not Thoroughbreds.

However, to have disfranchised the great number of animals being raced and bred from in England in

1913, that carried American blood, was something that even the sponsors of the "Jersey Act" shrank from on account of the great outcry it would have raised in England by the owners and breeders of these animals, whose value would by such a procedure have been destroyed.

The real "reason why" of the "Jersey Act" remains still to be placed in evidence, as it was something studiously concealed by its proponents when it was enacted, and constantly denied later on after it had been dragged into the light.

Through the two or three years just previous to 1913, when the "Jersey Act" was passed, several large shipments of American Thoroughbreds were made to England, where these animals were sold at auction. Other shipments were made to other European countries, also to Australia, South America, etc.

Previously England had absolutely controlled the international export trade in Thoroughbreds. The advent of America into the field she not only "viewed with alarm"—but with the immediate resolve to bar the Yankees from the field at any cost.

To effect this the "Jersey Act" was hit upon.

By stigmatizing the American Thoroughbred as NOT Thoroughbred, but a mere "Half-bred," a "mongrel", of base ancestry and impure blood, and refusing him henceforth his long-held parity with the English parent stock by barring him from the English Stud Book, the whole world was, in effect, warned to keep away from him, have nothing to do with him, and treat him as an outcast and a pariah.

It was a truly Machiavellian stroke, cloaking as it did under the "purity of blood" pretense a ruthless and high-handed, as well as indefensible (from the ethical standpoint) piece of "business enterprise."

When the "Jersey Act" was passed, now over thirty years ago, America "took it lying down."

American Thoroughbred affairs being then strongly dominated by British influence, our leaders not only made no protest or outcry when they were thus internationally branded as purveyors of counterfeit goods; they "ate humble pie" like so many convicted criminals "caught with the mutton on their backs."

It required some years before the rank and file of our horsemen awoke to just what had happened and the how and why of it, the facts behind the camouflage.

From that time forward the feeling has been steadily growing among them that they have been made the victims of an arbitrary and deliberately hostile movement, placing them in a false and unendurable position

which they have revolted against.

The first formal outcome of this was the movement mentioned at the outset of these remarks, which has originated among a group of the leading Kentucky breeders.

It calls for the repeal of the "Jersey Act" in the name of international good will and fair play and as a measure in keeping with the "new and better world" for which our armies are now fighting throughout almost the entire globe.

What chance has it for success?

Well, that question will be reviewed in a following article.

For Sale

Fasig-Tipton Sales Company's Lexington sales paddock will go under "Doc" Bond's hammer at public auction on March 22. The sales paddock was built by the late E. J. Tranter. The sale will be held on the grounds and the property sold in one or two parts.

Plan Show

The Fouts at DeWitt, New York, just out of Syracuse, are planning a horse show for June 18. Mr. Fout runs a riding stable at DeWitt.

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The Sporting Calendar

Racing

DECEMBER
25-Caliente, Tijuana, Mexico.
STAKES
MUCHACHO PURSE, 4 f. 3-yr.-olds, Sat., March 19 \$15,000 Added
CALIENTE 'CAP, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Sat., March 28 \$10,000 Added

FEBRUARY
26-April 1-Oaklawn Jockey Club, Hot Springs, Ark. 30 days.

MARCH
6-April 8-Cables Racing Ass'n., Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla.
STAKES
THE CORAL GABLES HANDICAP, 1 1/2 ml., 3-yr.-olds and up, Sat., Mar. 18 \$5,000 Added
VISCATA STAKES, 4 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Wed., Mar. 22 \$5,000 Added
THE DE SOTA HANDICAP, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds & up, Sat., Mar. 25 \$5,000 Added
THE PONCE DE LEON, 1 1-16 ml., 3-yr.-olds & up, Sat., April 1 \$5,000 Added
THE TROPICAL HANDICAP, 1 1/2 ml., 3-yr.-olds & up, Sat., April 8 \$10,000 Added

17-June 3-Spring Meeting, Bay Meadows Race Track, near San Francisco, Calif. 55 days.

APRIL
8-May 6-Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I. 25 days.

STAKES
PAUMONOK HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., Apr. 8 \$7,500 Added
EXPERIMENTAL FREE HANDICAP, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Wed., Apr. 12 \$5,000 Added
EXCELSIOR HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Apr. 15 \$10,000 Added
WOOD MEMORIAL STAKES, 1 1-16 ml., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., Apr. 22 \$25,000 Added
ROSEDALE STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Wed., Apr. 26 \$5,000 Added
JAMAICA HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., Apr. 29 \$5,000 Added
YOUTHFUL STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds, Wed., May 3 \$5,000 Added
GREY LAG HANDICAP, 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, Sat., May 6 \$15,000 Added

12-May 13-Narragansett Racing Ass'n., Inc., Pawtucket, R. I. 28 days.

STAKES
SPRING 'CAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., April 15 \$5,000 Added
ROGER WILLIAMS 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., April 22 \$5,000 Added
BRISTOL 'CAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., April 29 \$5,000 Added
RHODE ISLAND 'CAP, 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, Sat., May 6 \$10,000 Added
BLACKSTONE VALLEY 'CAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., May 13 \$5,000 Added

12-May 12-Maryland Jockey Club, Harford Agricultural and Breeders' Ass'n., Southern Maryland Agricultural Ass'n., and Maryland State Fair, Pimlico Race Course, Baltimore, Md. 28 days.

STAKES
BOWE MEMORIAL HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Wed., April 12 \$7,500 Added
BOWIE HANDICAP, 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3 & up, Sat., April 15 \$7,500 Added
BOWIE KINDERGARTEN STAKES, 4 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, Wed., April 19 \$5,000 Added
HARFORD HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., April 22 \$7,500 Added
SOUTHERN MARYLAND HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., April 29 \$7,500 Added
ABERDEEN STAKES, 4 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, Wed., April 26 \$5,000 Added
GITTINGS HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Thurs., April 27 \$7,500 Added
CHESAPEAKE STAKES, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., April 29 \$25,000 Added
BALTIMORE SPRING HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Mon., May 1 \$7,500 Added
PHILADELPHIA HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Tues., May 2 \$15,000 Added
BENNETT HANDICAP, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Wed., May 3 \$5,000 Added
RAL FARR STAKES, 4 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, Thurs., May 4 \$5,000 Added
JERVIS SPENCER 'CHASE 'CAP, 2 ml., 4 & up, Fri., May 5 \$10,000 Added
DIXIE HANDICAP, 1 3-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., May 6 \$30,000 Added
JENNINGS HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Mon., May 8 \$7,500 Added
SURVIVOR STAKES, 1 1-16 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., May 9 \$5,000 Added
PIMLICO OAKS, 1 1-16 ml., 3-yr.-old fillies, Wed., May 10 \$15,000 Added
CARROLL HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Thurs., May 11 \$5,000 Added
PIMLICO NURSERY STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds, Fri., May 12 \$5,000 Added
THE PRAEKNESS, 1 3-16 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., May 13 \$50,000 Added

15-26-Keeneland Race Course, Inc., Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky. 10 days.

STAKES
PHOENIX HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., April 15 \$5,000 Added
ASHLAND STAKES, 6 f., 3-yr.-old fillies, Wed., Apr. 19 \$5,000 Added
BEN ALI 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Apr. 22 \$5,000 Added
LAFAYETTE STAKES, 4 1/2 f., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., Apr. 25 \$5,000 Added
BLUE GRASS STAKES, 1 1/2 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Wed., Apr. 26 \$10,000 Added

27-May 20-Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky. 21 days.

STAKES
THE CLARK HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., April 29 \$5,000 Added
THE DERBY TRIAL, 1 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., May 2 \$5,000 Added
THE DEBUTANTE, 5 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Wed., May 3 \$2,500 Added
THE BASHFORD MANOR STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-old colts & geldings, Thurs., May 4 \$2,500 Added
THE KENTUCKY OAKS, 1 1-16 ml., 3-yr.-old fillies, Fri., May 5 \$5,000 Added
THE CHURCHILL DOWNS 'CAP, 1 ml., 4 & up, Sat., May 6 \$5,000 Added
THE KENTUCKY DERBY, 1 1/4 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., May 6 \$75,000 Added
THE KENTUCKY 'CAP, 1 ml., 3 & up, Sat., May 13 \$5,000 Added

28-May 15-Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill. 14 days.

MAY
8-June 3-Westchester Racing Ass'n., Belmont Park, L. I. 24 days.

15-July 22-Suffolk Downs, Boston, Mass. 80 days.

STAKES
THE COMMONWEALTH HANDICAP, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., May 20 \$5,000 Added
THE GOVERNOR'S HANDICAP, 1 ml., 3 & up, Sat., May 27 \$5,000 Added
THE TOMASELLO MEMORIAL HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., May 30 \$5,000 Added
THE PAUL REVERE HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., June 3 \$5,000 Added
THE PLYMOUTH ROCK HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., June 10 \$5,000 Added
THE BUNKER HILL HANDICAP, 1 ml., 3 & up, Sat., June 17 \$5,000 Added
THE CONSTITUTION HANDICAP, 1 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., June 24 \$5,000 Added
THE BETSY ROSS STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Sat., July 1 \$10,000 Added
THE YANKEE HANDICAP, 1 3-16 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., July 4 \$25,000 Added
THE MILES STANDISH STAKES, 5 f., 3-yr.-old colts & geldings, Sat., July 8 \$10,000 Added

16-June 17-Lincoln Fields Jockey Club, Inc., Crete, Ill. 29 days.

20-27-Ontario Jockey Club, Ltd., Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

29-June 5-Thorncliffe Park Racing & Breeding Ass'n., Ltd., Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

STAKES
THE HANNAH DUSTIN HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sat., July 15 \$10,000 Added
THE MASSACHUSETTS HANDICAP, 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, Wed., July 19 \$5,000 Added
THE MAYFLOWER STAKES, 5 1/2 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., July 22 \$25,000 Added

16-June 17-Lincoln Fields Jockey Club, Inc., Crete, Ill. 29 days.

20-27-Ontario Jockey Club, Ltd., Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

29-June 5-Thorncliffe Park Racing & Breeding Ass'n., Ltd., Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

JUNE
3-19-King Edward Park & Amusement Co., Ltd., Mount Royal, Montreal, Que.
5-July 1-Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. 24 days.

7-14-Metropolitan Racing Ass'n. of Canada, Ltd., Dufferin Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

15-22-Long Branch Jockey Club, Ltd., Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

19-Sept. 7-Arlington Park Jockey Club, Inc., and Washington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Homewood, Ill. (Combined meeting). 70 days.

STAKES
HYDE PARK STAKES, 5 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, Wed., June 21 \$10,000 Added
EQUIPOISE MILE, 1 ml., 3 & up, Sat., June 24 \$10,000 Added
PRINCESS DOREEN STAKES, 6 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Wed. June 28 \$10,000 Added
ARLINGTON LASSIE STAKES, 6 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Sat., July 1 \$15,000 Added
STARS & STRIPES 'CAP, 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, Tues., July 4 \$50,000 Added
SKOKIE 'CAP, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds, Thurs., July 6 \$10,000 Added
ARLINGTON MATRON 'CAP, 1 ml., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sat., July 8 \$10,000 Added

GRASSLAND 'CAP, 1 1/2 ml. (turf), 3 & up, Thurs., July 13 \$10,000 Added
ARLINGTON FUTURITY, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., July 15 \$25,000 Added
MYRTLEWOOD 'CAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Wed., July 19 \$10,000 Added
ARLINGTON CLASSIC, 1 1/4 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., July 22 \$50,000 Added
CLEOPATRA 'CAP, 1 ml., 3-yr.-old fillies, Wed., July 26 \$10,000 Added
ARLINGTON 'CAP, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Sat., July 29 \$50,000 Added
GREAT WESTERN 'CAP, 7 f., 3 & up, Wed., Aug. 2 \$10,000 Added
PRINCESS PAT STAKES, 6 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Sat., Aug. 5 \$15,000 Added
MEADOWLAND 'CAP, 1 1/4 ml. (turf), 3 & up, Thurs., Aug. 10 \$10,000 Added
DICK WELLES 'CAP, 1 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Aug. 12 \$10,000 Added
PRAIRIE STATE STAKES, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Wed., Aug. 16 \$10,000 Added
BEVERLY 'CAP, 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sat., Aug. 19 \$20,000 Added
SHERIDAN 'CAP, 1 ml., 3 & up, Wed., Aug. 23 \$10,000 Added
AMERICAN DERBY, 1 1/4 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Aug. 26 \$50,000 Added
CHICAGO 'CAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Wed., Aug. 30 \$10,000 Added

WASHINGTON PARK FUTURITY, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., Sept. 2 \$25,000 Added
WASHINGTON PARK 'CAP, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Mon., Sept. 4 \$50,000 Added

24-July 1-Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. 7 days.

24-July 10-Montreal Jockey Club, Blue Bonnets, Montreal, Que.

JULY
3-29-Empire City Racing Ass'n., Yonkers, N. Y. 24 days.

4-19-Niagara Racing Ass'n., Ltd., Fort Erie, Buffalo, N. Y. 14 days.

15-31-Valleyfield, Blue Bonnets, Montreal, Que.

24-Aug. 12-New Hampshire Jockey Club, Inc., Rockingham Park, Salem, N. H. 18 days.

31-Sept. 2-Saratoga Ass'n. for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses (Place not set). 30 days.

AUGUST
5-12-Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. 7 days.

5-21-Connaught Park Jockey Club, Ottawa, Ont.

14-Sept. 30-Narragansett Racing Ass'n., Inc., Pawtucket, R. I. 42 days.

19-Sept. 4-Bellefonte Driving & Athletic Ass'n., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont. 14 days.

26-Sept. 11-Back River Jockey Club, Ltd., Mount Royal, Montreal, Que.

SEPTEMBER
4-16-Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. 12 days.

9-16-Ontario Jockey Club, Ltd., Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

9-Oct. 17-Hawthorne Chicago Business Men's Racing Ass'n., Cicero, Ill. 34 days.

18-Oct. 7-Westchester Racing Ass'n., Belmont Park, L. I. 18 days.

23-30-Thorncliffe Park Racing & Breeding Ass'n., Ltd., Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

OCTOBER
2-Nov. 30-New Hampshire Jockey Club, Inc., Rockingham Park, Salem, N. H. 52 days.

4-11-Long Branch Jockey Club, Ltd., Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

9-21-Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I. 12 days.

Horse Shows

APRIL
9-Riviera Country Club 11th Annual Easter Parade, Pacific Palisades, Calif.
9-2nd Annual San Angelo Colt Show, San Angelo, Texas.
15-16-Boulder Brook Horse Show, Scarsdale, N. Y.
16-6th Annual Bit & Spur Horse Show, Mills College, Oakland, California.
21-Haynesville Horse Show, Haynesville, La.
22-23-Victory Horse Show, Glendale, Calif.
29-30-American Legion Horse Show, Burbank, Calif.

MAY
6-McDonogh School at the School McDonogh, Balto., Co. Md.
14-Corinthian Club, Colonial Stables, Sinclair Lane, Balto., Md. Va.
14-San Fernando Valley Horse Show, Burbank, Calif.
14-Success Horse Show, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.
20-Doughregan Manor at the Manor, Howard County, Md., near Ellicott City.
20-21-Lions Club Show, Santa Paula, Calif.
21-Annapolis Hunt Club, Annapolis, Md.
21-Harrison Horse Show, Harrison, N. Y.
21-Western Massachusetts Horse Show Ass'n., Springfield, Mass.
27-Sherwood Horse and Pony Show, (location not yet determined.)
27-28-Deep Run Hunt Club Horse Show, Richmond, Va.
27-28-Hartford Spring Horse Show, Hartford, Conn.
29-Vassar Horse Show, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
30-American Field Service, Loch Raven Blvd., Balto., Md.

JUNE
3-Long Green Valley Horse Show, Baldwin Station, Balto., Co. Md.
3-4-1st Annual Field Day Horse Show, Leona Stables, Oakland, California.
3-4-Watching Riding & Driving Club Horse Show, Watchung, N. J.
4-Ironcliff Spur Club Horse Show, Rochester, N. Y.
8-10-Sedgefield Horse Show, Inc., Sedgefield, N. C.
10-11-Grand Rapids Riding Club Horse Show, Grand Rapids, Mich.
11-St. Margaret's Hunt Club, Annapolis, Md.
14-15-Charles Town Horse Show Ass'n., Inc., Charles Town, W. Va.
16-Country Club of Rye Horse Show, Rye, N. Y.
17-18-Rockwood Hall Horse Show, Tarrytown, N. Y.
17-18-Victory Horse Show, Flintridge Hunter Trials Field, Calif.
18-El Charro, Rochester, N. Y.
18-Tecumseh Kiwanis Club Horse Show, N. Y.
23-24-Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Inc., Darien, Conn.
24 or 25-Longmeadow Junior Horse Show, Longmeadow, Mass.
24-25-Three Oaks Horse Show, Allentown, Pa.
25-Tecumseh & Kiwanis Clubs Horse Show, De Witt, N. Y. (Date to be announced later.)
25-Greystone Horse and Pony Show, Loch Raven Blvd., Balto., Md.

JULY
1-2-Riviera Country Club 7th Annual Horse Show, Riviera, Calif.
1-2 or Sept. 9-10-Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show, Westport, Conn.
4-Los Angeles Sheriff Posse Show, Pomona, Calif.
4-5-Culpeper Horse Show & Racing Association, Culpeper, Va.
13-15-Monmouth County Horse Show, Rumson, N. J.
15-16-Victory Horse Show, Pacific Palisades, Riviera, Calif.

AUGUST
5-St. James Church, (at the church), Balti-

more County, Md.
12-Westminster Riding Club, Westminster, Carroll Co., Md.
12-Bath County Horse Show, Hot Springs, Va.
12-Litchfield Horse Show, Litchfield, Conn.
19-Hampstead Hunt Club, Hampstead, Carroll Co., Md.
24-25-Clarke County Horse and Colt Show, Berryville, Va.
26-Long Green Carnival, Long Green, Balto., Co. Md.
26-Bath County Horse Show, Inc., Hot Springs, Va.
26-Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show, Keswick, Va.

SEPTEMBER
2 & 4-Altoona Horse Show, Altoona, Pa.
2 & 4-Warrenton Horse Show Ass'n., Warrenton, Va.
4-St. Margaret's Church, Annapolis, Md.
4-Pioneer Valley Horse Ass'n., Athol, Mass.
8-10-Maryland Hunter Show, Pimlico, Balto., Md.
10-Helping Hand Horse Show, Long Island, N. Y.
14-16 or 22-30-Piping Rock Horse Show, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y.

Continued on Page Fifteen

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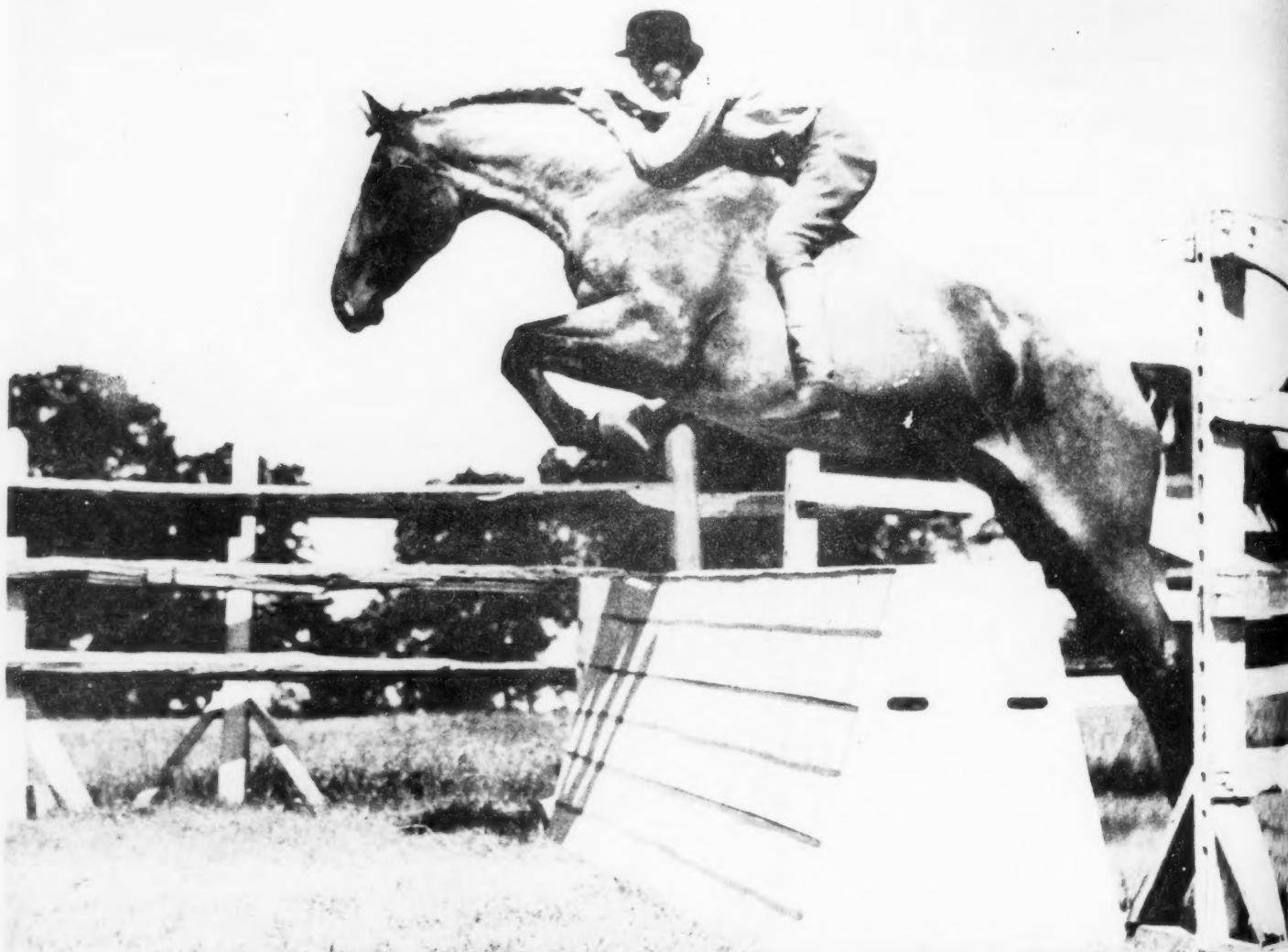
Mrs. Kieckhefer of Milwaukee has a children's drag hunt which brings in many of the younger set from nearby Milwaukee. In the top photo are Sally Van Brust, Mary Ewert, Nancy Downing, Jack Schliet, Sally Downing, Susie Downing, Christine Moore (Mrs. Robert White), Patty Philipp. Bottom left, Susie Downing, Nancy Downing, Dr. Wallace Dennee, Patty Philipp, (white horse), Sally Downing, Mary Ewert, and right Mrs. Alfred J. Kieckhefer of River Hills, on side saddle who holds the drag hunts for these Milwaukee children. G. Allen Lanson Studios.

MISS MARJORIE DURANT ON COPPER LUSTRE



Miss Marjorie Durant is shown riding her COPPER LUSTRE. Miss Durant recently won a second leg on the Snowy Baker Cup at the Riviera County Club Members Show for the best all around horsemanship and sportsmanship. She is one of the outstanding young horsewomen on the Pacific Coast.

MRS. LOUIS SWIFT ON RANGE WRATTLER



Mrs. Louis Swift of Galloping Hills Farm, Wheaton Illinois rides RANGE WRATTLER over a jump without the use of saddle or bridle.

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Consider The Ravens

By DeCourcy Wright

In a crotch formed by two of the upper branches of a great white oak, is a nest rudely built of sticks, twigs, dead leaves and grasses, in which four little crows are snugly contained, already beginning to play their parts in the drama of life, which began for them when four little eggs were cracked so that the inmates might emerge into the world.

They are high among the tree-tops in a bit of wood-land, well hidden by clouds of verdant foliage, which sways and waves in the wind, the leaves all a-flutter. From the nest there is nothing to be seen but leaves, never still, restless leaves, ever vocal, murmuring soft whispers in calm weather and roaring when the storm winds blow. When rain is falling the drops play tunes upon the leaves.

As impervious as is the screen of foliage to sight, yet sounds come drifting in, all meaningless to the little crows; sounds such as the distant tooting of an automobile horn, the hum of an air-plane, lowing of cattle, crowing of a rooster, from faraway points of origin, and from nearby the mellow notes of a wood-thrush. The point of view from which the little crows begin to observe the world, is far from steadfast, swaying this way and that with the humors of the wind, though anchored firmly enough by sturdy roots in a foundation of earth and rock.

While dense foliage hides the nest from all eyes which might be peering at it, yet abundant light comes filtering through, and what the little crows see around them is a fantastic fluttering of leaves and shadows, now hiding and again revealing a thousand gleams of brightest daylight coming from beyond. Were a human being to mature in such a setting, he could hardly fail to be a mystic, catching fleeting glimpses of a brilliant realm surrounding him. No stage setting could ever be constructed to produce this effect, for the leaves are never still, changing always in color shades from light to dark and back again to light, here and there illumined by brilliant reflections of sun-light. On clear nights scintillating gleams of stars filter through the foliage down to the leaf-strewn floor of the woods.

The lifting of the curtain on such a scene, for human contemplation, can only be accomplished by imagination, for if one should be energetic enough to raise a long ladder to the crotch which holds the nest, and dare to peer within the sequestered sanctuary, such rude invasion would quite obliterate native atmosphere. In imagination then the scene opens, disclosing the heads of the four little crows, protruding above the edge of the nest. Indeed it can hardly be said that their heads are disclosed, for nothing is noticeable but four wide-open mouths. The birds themselves, so far as can be seen are all mouths, wide open. These small actors do not need artificialities of any kind to help us understand them.

Faces of animals do often express the particular yearning which animates them at the moment, as do human faces, but the little crows put in the back-ground all they have of faces, and tell of their earnest yearning by open mouths which hide all else. Suddenly, by a flutter of wings, the enveloping foliage is pushed aside, and the blackest of feathered bodies appears as if by magic. It is mother crow returning from a foray for food. There is no similarity be-

tween this scene and that presented when a human mother returns from market, laden with her basket full, her pocket book empty, and her anxious face. Mother Crow arrives majestically, with strong and supple wings out-stretched, her black and shiny talons reaching skillfully for the small branch which she will use for a perch.

A glorious vision she is, of dominance, mistress of the art of flying, of coming and going, of getting what she seeks, and in her black beak, with its cruel curve, hangs the lifeless body of a small unfledged bird, deftly filched from some sparrow's nest. So glorious an arrival is greeted by the little crows' ecstatic squawking while the surrounding leaves shiver with emotion, and the wind sighs softly. Mother Crow teeters for a moment on her perch, and without more ceremony, jumps to the edge of the nest, crams her loot into the gaping mouth of little crow number one, and is gone as quickly as she came, leaving a wake of fluttering leaves behind her.

SCENE TWO

Father Crow has spent the short summer night with his claws tightly clasping the small branch which serves him for a roost, in close proximity to the nest of his off-spring. A blessed night it has been with soft air stirring and stars blinking through the leaves. Father Crow is self-contained and at ease his eyes shut tight, his body wrapped in blackest plumage, all muffled in leafy darkness, quite lost to the rest of the world. His soul, if he has one, which nobody will believe, mayhap is adrift in the summer air and the star-light, mingled in the surrounding atmosphere of things unknowable. He fell asleep in that blessed sense of security which human beings, with their locked doors, window-screens and the like, try so hard to experience. It came to him without effort as dew forms on the grass.

Afterwhile the day in its journey round the earth, comes stealing on, and darkness begins to change to dimness. Father Crow awakes; a shudder passes through his feathers, just as the rising wind passes through foliage. His eyes fly open and he is awake and aware of his world. He has come to himself but nobody knows where he came from or how far he had to come to get back to himself. A flap of his wings was all the toilet he made. He flapped them again very emphatically, and forthwith rose up through the tree-top to meet and greet the gray dawn stealing so gently onward. A dead branch, extending above the level of its surroundings, affords him a high vantage-point, from which to view the countryside, overhung with morning mist and slowly revealing itself.

There lies the meadow, well-known to him, overhung by so dense a cloud as to appear to be a lake, in the semi-darkness. What hazards may be concealed beneath that cloud! Hazards which serve only to make life interesting to him. No meadow just yet until the clouds be gone. There beyond the meadow, is a rising bit of land, quite clear of morning mist, where the earth, by plows and harrows has been stripped of all its verdure, and lies naked for the eyes of crows to contemplate.

What wealth of worms, grubs and beetles is there, to be had by scratch-

Continued on Page Sixteen

Sporting Calendar

Continued from Page Twelve

- 15-16—Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show, Charlottesville, Va.
16-17—Vernon Agricultural Society Horse Show, Vernon, N. Y.
17—Bouml Temple Patrol Horse and Pony Show, Loch Raven Blvd., Balto., Md.
21-23—North Shore Horse Show, Stony Brook, L. I., N. Y.
23—Kiwanis Horse and Pony Show, Humane Society Grounds, Pikesville, Md.
23-24—Hartford Fall Horse Show, Hartford, Conn.
24—Lance and Bridle Club Horse Show, Ashland, Va. (tentative)

OCTOBER

- 1—Optimist Club, Loch Raven Blvd., Balto., Md.
1—Green Briar Horse Show, Green Briar, N. J.
1-7—Ak-Sar-Ben Horse Show, Omaha, Neb.
6-8—Rock Spring Horse Show, Inc., West Orange, N. J.
8—Jerusalem Hunt Club, Belair, Md.
8—Washington Bridle Trails Ass'n., Washington, D. C.
22—Corinthian Club, (location undecided).

NOVEMBER

- 8-15—National Horse Show Ass'n., New York, N. Y.
(The above dates are temporary and are subject to changes and additions.)

Hunter Trials

- MARCH
25-26—Flintridge Hunter Trials, Flintridge, Calif.

- APRIL
2—Senior Hunter Trials, Deep Run Hunt Club, Richmond, Va.
16—Junior Hunter Trials, Deep Run Hunt Club, Richmond, Va.

- MAY
7—Finals in series of Hunter Trials at Barbara Worth Stables, Sacramento, Calif.
14—Annual Hunter Trials, Mills College, Oakland, California.

Point-To-Points

- MARCH
18—Middleburg Point-to-Point, Middleburg, Va.

Hunt Meetings

- APRIL
8—Middleburg Hunt Race Association, Inc., Middleburg, Va.

- MAY
13—4th Running of the Iroquois Memorial Chase, Nashville, Tenn.

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Consider The Ravens

Continued from Page Fifteen

ing with claws! Moreover has not the farmer laboriously overspread the field with grains of corn, concealed by a thin covering of soil. It is quite beyond the range of a crow's intellect, we may assume, to understand why one in possession of a bag of corn, should strew the grain upon the earth and go away and leave it. One of the differences between farmers and crows is that the yearning of the latter, is fully satisfied for a time, by the filling of their craws, but the former's yearning extends beyond such satisfaction as the filling of his stomach, and bids him accumulate by the use of many devices, material to assure satisfaction far into the future, which future his vivid imagination keeps constantly before him. The same difference may be observed between different farmers, the one being thrifty to provide for the future, and the other being thriftless and careful only for the present. Then are we to interpret that admonition to consider the ravens, as being in disparagement of thrift? Perhaps it is rather a warning to misers, a counsel to moderation, else the toiling farmer, trying to fill his barn with hay that his stock may eat next winter, will be judged a sinner.

However that may be, Father Crow perched upon his dead branch, carefully scans the landscape, and decides in favor of the recently planted corn-field. With wings outstretched, he dives into the cool morning air, so pathless and unobstructed, and wafts himself across the intervening meadow and its coverlaid of mist. Other crows are before him, their black figures giving character to the dull brown surface of the corn-field. On close examination it appears that the corn is sprouting and sending up delicate green spears above ground, so that no time need be lost in searching for the buried grain. Wonderful provision has the thrifty farmer made for crows. Father Crow stows away inside of him, that being his only store-house, a goodly number of these pickings and has his mouth well filled with more to be carried back to his family, when his sharp eyes glimpse a movement beneath a tree at the edge of the field. From beneath the undergrowth, with horrible suddenness, there issues a flash of light, but sight being quicker than hearing before the crack of the gun, or the shot from it, reaches him, Father Crow is in flight, and much elated by the swish of the bird-shot striking the ground, where a moment before he had been. All the other crows take flight almost as quickly, uttering a babel of harsh cries, to be taken as protests or screams of derision according to the hearer's mood.

Father Crow flaps himself high in the air to a grove of trees half a mile away, where he balances on one of the topmost branches, and expresses indignation in the harshest of staccato notes.

If it be true, as had been said by some, that the authorship of great tragedy ranks among the highest achievements of the human mind, then disaster, which is the kernel of tragedy, has profound significance for human beings, not only to endure, but to contemplate when others endure it. Crows normally spend their lives along the very verge of disaster, as might be said of one who dally walks a tight-rope with no net below to catch him.

The farmer is deeply incensed at

the crow species, because of the failure of his early morning effort, for he rose long before dawn, to preface his labors of the day with a walk through wet weeds, and a patient wait beneath the tree, only to learn how much damage his corn has suffered, and to be scoffed at by the crows as they fly away. His next effort consists in the time consuming construction of the age-old device known as a scare-crow, and the corn-field soon is decorated with a cross of sticks on which hang some ragged garments, topped with a tattered hat. Yet this is not all. With grim determination, the farmer ranges the woods with gun in hand, looking for crows' nests. Mother Crow hears his clumsy foot-steps, cracking sticks and shuffling leaves on the floor of the woods, and slips away silently through the tree-tops, like a mere shadow, as is her wont at any sign of human intrusion in the neighborhood. Yet the farmer has eyesight keen enough to catch a glimpse of the silent shadow, and infers truly enough that a nest is nearby, so creeps about cautiously, his gun held tightly in both hands.

It has become a windless morning and all the leaves hang still and listless. It might be thought that the woods is holding its breath until the crisis shall be passed, though a wood-thrush, down in a thicket by the brook, being indifferent to the fate of crows, raises his voice in melodious notes.

It would be hard to think of a more cruel contrast than occurs when the thrush's song is interrupted by the sharp crack of the gun, and a load of bird-shot goes tearing upward through motionless leaves, to encircle and penetrate the nest with its four small occupants. The thrush takes himself away hurriedly, and silence comes near to prevailing, for the noise of a gun has a devastating effect on wood-land sounds. A cloud of leaf fragments and dust comes drifting down from the little citadel up in the tree, its only vivible response. The little crows have nothing to say, but their parents must be lurking in the offing the while, and return forthwith, not to the nest itself, but high in the air above, where they soar and dart to and fro, in a fury of excitement, cawing incessantly.

Soon they are joined by other crows, who likewise fly about excitedly, raising their voices until the welkin rings with tumult, and all the world may know, if it cares, that the crows have suffered grievous affront. The farmer fires more shots, and knocks down several rash birds which come too near, in their frenzied gyrations. At last, his ammunition being gone, he picks up the dead birds and hangs them on the scare-crow out in the field, before going home to take up the day's work of hay-making, and so the rumpus ends. Afterwhile the surviving crows, of which there are many, disappear, leaving their dead comrades hanging on the scare-crow's arms. In the woods, the leaves begin to stir again in the light summer breeze, and the wood-thrush resumes his song as if nothing had happened, as indeed nothing has happened to him.

That afternoon there came a crashing thunder-storm with torrents of rain, which ruined the farmer's hay. He and his family, gathered indoors, gazing helplessly out of the window, across the meadow to the woods beyond, observe a terrific flash of lightning dart from the sky into the depth of the woods, followed by an ear-splitting peal of thunder, and it is agreed by all that a tree over in the woods has been

struck. It happens to be the tree with the nest in it, and the lightning has reft it in two, down to the very roots. The nest and its occupants, were rudely dealt with, no doubt, but the details are lost to human knowledge. The farmer was counting on his good alfalfa hay for which he had a sale, to pay his pressing bills. Now that has been spoiled in addition to the damage to his seedling corn, so he and his family derive scant satisfaction from the beauty of the country-side, which, after the rain is over, fairly regales in rain-washed verdure.

SCENE THREE

Many Months Later

Day comes with difficulty, for the blinding snow, and the sky all muffled with laden clouds. In the woods where the little crows began and ended their brief career as part of nature's panorama, the trees are bare, except for a few dead leaves which cling persistently to frozen twigs. The clouds of foliage which used to sway in the summer breeze, have gone, so that no longer are secrets hid among the tree-tops, and but for the snow-flakes, the woods would be transparent.

The carpet of dead leaves is covered with inches of snow, and the adjoining meadow is a lonely desert of wind-driven snow-clouds. The farm-house and buildings, in the grove of trees over beyond the meadow, are hardly more significant in the snowy landscape than so many swollen lumps of snow. Yet out of the north wind and the driving snow, come several crows, buffeted and blown like bits of black rags, and alight in the trees by the house. These wild vagabonds of the country-side, are often drawn in times of stress, to human habitations, in their endless quest for food. It is not shelter that they want, such as the farmer has constructed, in which he can hide from the storm and exult in his conquest of nature.

The crows out in the weather, are in their native element, woven into the tapestry of the landscape, features of the picture which is given us to look upon. When we so comfortable come to our windows and see them wafted away in the storm, it is not likely that they yearn for anything better, but are like fish, content to be in the sea. They are somewhat distracted now however, by the lack of food which the snow has hidden from them. They come often to the same place in the early morning when there is no snow, to pick up delectable bits from the manure-strewn garden or elsewhere, before anyone is up and about. Now for a few moments only, they hop about disconsolately in the trees, and again cast themselves adrift in the wind, to be borne away into the snow-clouded atmosphere. They have yielded themselves to the rigorous ministrations of the weather, yet have not altogether given over the pilotage of their own destiny, for when it happens that they draw near to a dense thicket of pines, all unseen by human eyes, they set their wings and execute the most exquisite dives into the snow-covered masses of green needles. Here they take fresh hold, not only of life, but of the first pine branches which come within reach of their claws. With shudders and shake-of feathers, to rid them of snow, each gathers himself into a distended bunch of plumage, the better to retain such little warmth as generates within his body. Here they may be imagined to spend the day and night meditating the while on the wherefores of life and death.

It is possible, inasmuch as food is

beyond their reach, that they manage to suppress their bodily appetites, and to accept the soft, though chilly caresses of the snow-flake filtering through pine needles as coming from the hand of God, achieving thus a higher degree of beatitude than commonly comes to man, with all his feverish struggles to build refuges in which to fend off adversities. Rare human beings are said to have done as much, retaining only the barest minimum of what the world has had to offer, and withdrawing into an inner realm which they have found to be strangely illuminated and far from uncomfortable.

Possibly the wild creatures are nearer to the eternal verities than we are, though our technical skill with respect to auxiliary tools and weapons, gives us a mastery over them. So then the crow in the thicket finds his refuge in self-suppression, while we seek ours, but do not always find it, in buildings with roofs to be patched and doors to be locked. If when the storm is over, his little spark of life is vigorous enough to be fanned again into flame, the crow resumes his normal activities. Otherwise he passes gently from life to death, and is taken back into the earth's bosom and into the ambient air, with both of which he has loved so intimately. The actual passing would seem to be as easy as the heaving of a sigh to a human being.

Let us not forget that we are what we are, in part because of the crow's flight across the landscape. Everything which transpires in the great out-doors within range of our senses, has its message or meaning, and reacts upon us, yet is not of our world, in the narrow sense in which the word is sometimes used to indicate the congeries of human beings, their relationships, their possessions, their activities and what not. It is good for us, living in the midst of this maelstrom, to contemplate the unworldly realm which lies about us like a wonderful dream. It intervenes between us and supernature, and is the farthest from us and the nearest to the supernatural, of all that our senses can take in. The crows are merely symbols, (as are the lilies, which we are admonished also to consider) of the glorious panoply of mystery and beauty which envelopes us.

Gymkhana Club

Continued from Page One

a seat and hands class for youngsters 12 and under, over Phyllis Ann Peek, a precise, little figure on Mrs. Grepe's Tag-a-long, and one to watch in shows this year, Donald Moulin was 3rd over Joan Stahl and Donald Nathan. All of these children show marked improvement with Mrs. Grepe's instruction and by show-time will be competition for the best in their age group.

A 12 and over equitation class brought out some 20 riders, practically everything left over in the stable. The work-off consisted of changing horses and doing a figure eight at a gallop, not too easy on a strange horse. Bob Egan placed 1st over Peggy Wood, sister Betsy, and Alfreida and Ed Peabody.

The schooling came after the show, or should really be said was continued after the show because constant criticism, helpful hints, and encouragement was shouted to exhibitors throughout the afternoon.

All classes were judged by Selma Piazz.

Chronicle Goes West

Continued from Page One

should not have been so surprised as I was to find that he and his staff had put in six years, a few years back, studying just this situation, and while of course there have been many changes since, at any rate here is the only report of its kind that ever was made and could, and I am sure will, be brought up to date.

Becoming associated with The Chronicle so recently, and after both Stacy Lloyd and Gerry Webb had gone into the service, I did not know that they had the same idea as I about this country and that Gerry had been out here five or six years ago and had published in The Chronicle an account of Mr. Dinsmore's work with the parks and bridle paths around Chicago. It was pleasant to keep running across Gerry's trail even though it was a bit cold, but he was dynamic enough to leave one that's good for some years yet.

Very largely through Mr. Dinsmore's efforts a large Forest Reserve was set aside in Cook County providing a recreation spot and some 150 miles of bridle path that will always be a monument of distinction to him and a great boon to the saddle horse interests in Chicago.

From a hunting-jumping horse point of view it seems a pity that along with this growth goes a preponderance of cow saddles and western equipment rather than English saddles and thoughts of the better bred horses that could more easily go on to performing in the jumping world. This is easily understood, however, when we think of the comparative youth of the country—the need of cow saddles in the old days, and now only a few hundred miles further west, the wire fences and, most important, the small percentage of settlers with any hunting, jumping horse background or tradition. Had the same people who settled Virginia and Maryland settled here we'd see a lot going on because there's no galloping to beat this in the whole country and foxes are in much of it. I am going to stick to my prophecy that long after we are gone, who are here now, there will be several "Leicestershires of America" west of the Alleghenys.

While I couldn't make it for dinner, I got to the McIlvanes before dessert on Saturday. This was a wonderful start for me as Mrs. Orton Prime was down from Oconomowoc with Mrs. Salisbury and the Bernie Hoppers were there and the Steven Hords—all enthusiasts and several of the best ladies the country can put in a field. Kindness and hospitality certainly reign in their part of the world and I was not only told where to go and whom to see but pretty soon the very ones I should see were put on my trail and all I had to do was say "yes".

The immediate country around Lake Forest, the old Onwentsia country, presided over for so many happy years by Austin Nitlack, has been becoming more and more congested and built up and ten years or so ago the Mill Creek Hunt was started near Milburn, Ill., by a group of enthusiasts from Onwentsia with the necessary funds to do what they set out to—namely, to have a drag as good and as fast as any in the country. While I never saw it, I am told they did just that, and had drags that need two well-bred horses—in a beautifully paneled country. Many individual places were bought and fenced and a club stable to hold 150 horses. The masters here were

Austin Nitlack, Prentice Porter and Hugh McB. Johnson.

Mrs. Prime who is always keen, wants clean-bred horses and has hunted pretty well all over—here and abroad—told me it was so good she used to take two horses in a trailer and go down twice a week from Oconomowoc—a trip of sixty miles each way. Now, sad to relate, due to the war, taxes, no gas, and the various other things we can mention, all is closed down and Prentice Porter, the M. F. H., who put so much enthusiasm and other things into it, has moved to Virginia and gone in the service, as has Mr. Johnson.

Let's pray that the right man, or men or women, may come along after the war with the "soap" and the know-how, to pick up this wonderful thing again.

It is a fox country, too.

When I arrived in Chicago, I didn't back out sound—thought I had somehow strained my Achilles tendon fighting a nightmare in a lower berth. Anyhow, Sunday the 19th saw me on a pair of crutches borrowed from Lake Forest Academy, where my oldest boy, Frank, is Headmaster—and Monday brought much pain and swelling, and a medical opinion that I had infection and a warning from my daughter-in-law that I'd probably lose my leg if I didn't stay in bed and bake it. So I stayed in bed till Thursday, praying that it might prove that injury was NOT to my hollow leg. My prayer was proven answered.

As soon as I was up I went to Chicago to see John Hervey, the distinguished "Salvator" and spent a delightful hour and a half. I'd like to make it several days. Never have I met a man with such a fund of accurate knowledge about horses and racing. He told me that his father and grandfather before him had the same love of Thoroughbreds and the same consuming desire to know all possible about as many as possible, and that the earliest thing he could remember was how scared he was, at about 5 years old, when he walked holding his father's hand through a band of 30 or 40 brood mares and foals.

May Mr. Hervey continue his fine work for many years to come!

Next day I went to the Arlington-Washington Park Jockey Club office in the Board of Trade Building.

Mr. Lindheimer, whom I very much wanted to meet, was in California and Webb Everett, the only one I had known before, was in Florida. However, I was most fortunate in finding Frank Butzow there, who made me feel much at home. He's our own kind and a real horseman. I guess it's in the blood. His son in the cavalry was one of the volunteers who answered the call for men to learn horseshoeing. I saw his certificate as a blacksmith and a pair of bar shoes made of scrap iron that would be a credit to any horseshoer.

Frank Butzow handles the horse publicity, the real horse news. Mr. Lindheimer is fortunate to have him—he knows his stuff and I know many tracks that could well wish for a man like him. Publicity men are plenty around a race track but the number who are really horsemen are all too few.

It seems to me Arlington has a happy family around that office. They suffer the headache, well known at race tracks—passes. I can't leave the subject of visiting the Arlington office without complimenting Mrs. Lindheimer's skill at needle-work. On the rug in Mr. Lindheimer's office is a piece of needlepoint about 6'

square which she did showing the first winner of the Chicago Derby, the filly Modesty, Jockey Isaac Murphy, and the owner Ed Corrigan, and trainer Robert Dickie, with the grandstand in the background and four in hands en route to the races.

Mrs. Margaret de Martelly very kindly arranged for me to go out to see the Fox River Valley country. Accordingly, on Saturday, the 26th, I went out on the Aurora & Elgin to Elgin, where the de Martellys met me. All the way out I was having an imaginary gallop and enjoyed hugely seeing that lovely rolling country—but feared it might not hold foxes. After driving around, seeing the paneling, and finding that foxes were very plentiful, I soon decided, and later felt very sure, that here is the solid foundation for a really good hunt, doing the real thing.

Dennison Hull, M. F. H., has a pack of English foxhounds that kill enough foxes so that this season when unable to hunt on account of transportation for hounds and horses, the farmers cried loudly for them to keep on as the foxes were becoming a nuisance. Mr. Hull lives in Winnetka and the kennels are unfortunately there also. In time I hope this can be overcome as the outlook is too promising to have such an important obstacle to continued hunting.

The de Martellys took me over to Edgerton Throckmorton's to dinner and there I was most comfortably and hospitably bedded down.

"Edgie" is a tower of strength in this hunt. He lives right there—has six or seven very useful horses, and oversees the paneling—knows all the farmers and generally does a good job. I never saw finer maps of a hunting country. Several farmers had their children out hunting and Mrs. de Martelly's little schooling ring for the children finds many there all through the good weather, learning a lot of useful things from this keen, enthusiastic lady.

They have put in some very sensible panels in the form of extra wide board gates about 3' 6"-8" and extra wide. They don't lock but slide in between double posts. They are fine for those who don't always want to jump as they can be opened so easily, and for those who go on they are nice clean fences. There are plenty of coverts and not too large, and along the creek are what they call sandpits—where much sand and gravel has been taken out. These cover quite an area and foxes like to run here.

Incidentally there are plenty of ups and downs for an Italian or a Riley slide. It all looks good to me and I am enthusiastic about the future of this hunt.

On Sunday Throckmorton took me up to Winnetka to see the hounds. The Master and Mrs. Hull met us at the kennels as did that outstanding horsewoman, "Pat" Bolling Harding, who now lives in nearby Prairie View. After seeing the hounds fed, we saw the horses, a well-known grey hunt team and a fine, big, heavy-weight by a clean-bred horse out of a Clyde mare.

She showed surprising quality but I was secretly pleased to find that the clean-bred grey gelding on the hunt team girthed more than she did! I am told that these horses are an exceptionally well-mannered, useful lot.

After refreshments at the Hulls' we went on to the Longmeadow stables and kennels. We were sorry to go so unexpectedly that we could not connect with the M. F. H., Ernest Ballard, or Randall Poindexter,

who now lives here and helps out a lot with the outfit. Longmeadow has a good-sized, nice-looking pack of harriers that look as if they could really step when they are fit. I liked very much a stud dog there on a loan visit from Amory Haskell's Monmouth pack.

Judging from the number of horses in the stables, interest here hangs on well in this wartime.

Toronto is the nearest hunting and breeding center to which to go for hunters and prospects—which shows in the number of big Half-breds, up to weight, in this neighborhood.

About this time Brock Fuller kindly called me from Milwaukee, as did Mrs. Prime, and I went to Oconomowoc on Tuesday, the 29th. Before starting north I spent a couple of delightful hours with Mrs. Edward H. Bennett, looking at her horses and Ayrshires. She is interested in breeding heavyweight Half-breds and likes an infusion of Cleveland Bay. She has a 4-year-old bay mare out of a mare that's half standard-bred and half Cleveland Bay, by a Thoroughbred horse that should give a good account of herself in the show ring before long. She stands 16.2 and weighs 1,400 pounds, and handles herself beautifully—nice manners.

Out of the same mare was a fine type chestnut mare that left that afternoon to go to Major Henry Leonard in Colorado.

Being too old for any leap-year thrills, I was free to fully appreciate my ride to Oconomowoc on the "Hiawatha", the smoothest riding train I was ever on. The bumpers and the running gear have rubber at strategic points. Mrs. Prime met me and drove me around the Dairyland and the country is lovely.

The Oconomowoc drag has been discontinued now for several years on account of the war and the shift of interest of that splendid keen gentleman, Fred Pabst, from horses to Holstein cattle. We saw "Milkmaid Ollie Lass", holder of the world's record for ten months, milking three times a day.

In a year she gave 1,060 pounds fat and 29,000 pounds of milk. Her lines are as clean as a Thoroughbred horse and the architecture of the "dairy" she carries with her is something to wonder at. Another wonderful sight was the milk-drying machine in the Pabst dairy that dries close to 100,000 pounds of skim milk daily. It comes off the drier in a sheet that looks almost like the finest paper. The Pabst farms are a great show of efficient management and high-class products. Bull calves, six weeks old, continually move out at from \$500 to \$900 apiece. "Class" is always stimulating.

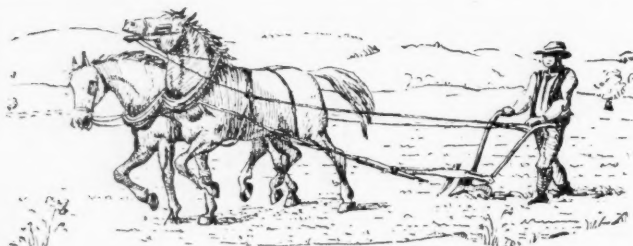
It was enjoyable looking over Mrs. Prime's stables and seeing that great old horse Brockway. In '36, I think it was, he came away from Madison Square Garden with a blue in the corinthian, the lightweight hunters and a close shot for the champion-ship. He is a fine type.

Wednesday morning, March 1st, we went to Milwaukee in the farm truck with a load of things. The country is lovely, more rolling than around Chicago, and looks like a good fox country. Once the Oconomowoc foxhounds killed a timber wolf after a two-hour run.

In Milwaukee I was turned over to Brock Fuller, and what a good time we had. He is one of the chosen sportsmen and we talked horse most of the day. Frank Dolan came to lunch with us. He is on the Milwaukee Journal, keenly interested in hounds and hunting and very helpful and enthusiastic.

Continued on Page Twenty

FARMING in WAR TIME



Feed Milk Substitute To Calves This Spring

A milk substitute for dairy calves may be one answer to the problem of scarce and valuable market milk.

Good herd replacement heifers are scarce, too—but all the milk that can be produced is needed on home and battle fronts. The dairyman can make the best contribution to the war food program by raising only his best, production-bred calves on milk substitute rations.

Whole milk is, of course, the best feed for young calves. It's a good idea to teach the calf to drink from a pail soon after birth, so that the milk can be fed in regulated amounts, usually 5 or 6 pounds of milk daily should be fed to the young animals.

But you can start feeding dry calf "starter" meal and good quality hay just as soon as calves will eat them. By the proper use of milk substitute calf meals, calves usually can be weaned from milk at 7 to 9 weeks of age.

There are several commercial calf meals, but a mixture can be made at home for use as milk substitutes. One mixture suggested by Extension dairymen, includes 50 pounds ground yellow corn, 15 pounds rolled heavy oats, 15 pounds linseed meal, 10 pounds dried skim milk, 10 pounds blood flour, and 1 pound salt.

Take Out Non-Layers With Wilted Combs

Go through your poultry flock and take out all birds that are not laying—usually the ones with pale wilted comb, bright yellow shanks and head parts, and clean slick feathers.

That's the suggestion of poultry experts for poultrymen who face a scarcity of feed and low egg prices.

Even with four dollar feed and thirty cent eggs, however, it's a good idea to think carefully before selling all your laying birds. The birds will more than pay for the feed bill, you will find, if you are getting 50 per cent production on an average of 50 eggs a day from 100 hens.

Another thing to consider in dealing with current flock problems is the baby chicks.

Egg prices will certainly be higher next fall and the man who gets chicks early and has them laying by September will make a profit on his poultry. The chicks should be started in March or early April and should be from production-bred and disease-tested stock.

As for the present feed situation, poultry husbandmen point out that it is getting worse rather than better, despite the increased sales throughout the country of corn and feeds with corn meal in them.

Hybrid Corn Should Suit Your Locality

Just any old hybrid corn will not give better yields than a high-yielding open-pollinated variety of corn. For really high yields, it takes a hybrid adapted to the farmer's own locality. Farmers should consult their county agent to find out the adapted hybrid recommended for their section of the country.

For farmers who are purchasing hybrid seed corn this year, the "certified seed" tag on the bag means that the field from which this corn came was inspected during the growing season to see that it was properly grown and carefully isolated from other corn to eliminate any chance of mixing.

The tag also means that the field was inspected to see that the tassels were pulled properly from the seed rows. It means, too, that a purity and germination test has been run on the corn and that these and the grading have met specifications.

Farmers will find that other information on the tag includes the name of the hybrid and the single crosses used to make that hybrid.

Top Gilt Brings \$500 At Maple Hedge Sale

The Bred Sow Sale which was held at Maple Hedge Farms, in Kelton, Pennsylvania, on January 29th, caused lively interest among breeders of Chester White Hogs—because of the variety and high quality of the offering. Over forty gilts were sold—the top gilt going to Camross Stock Farm of Waterlick, Virginia, for \$500. The sire of this top gilt was Lucky Strike, whose greatness is well known among Chester White fanciers and the gilt showed its fine background in its wide hams, even width and exceptional depth. A close second to this top gilt was sold to Portage Farms, Toledo, Ohio, at \$415.—sired by Lucky Star and bred to Maples Compress Trend. Maple Hedge Farms is one of the largest breeders of Pure Bred Chester Whites in the United States.



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Farming in England

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

"We're all ploughed up. It's years since work on the land was so far forward, and never before have we been in such a fighting humour", said a well-known farmer the other day. Another of the party added in his broad vernacular, "Noo, I'll tell ya what it is; farmers have grummed on for hundreds of years, but they've been like a dog that growls and wags his tail at the same time, and no one's takken much notice. Now that there's no tail-wagging and we're all in one pack; and now that there's a bit of teeth-showing, folks are takken more notice and treating us with more respect, like what they did Betty Bates of Swaledale". Asked what he meant by this he said that Betty was a chapel woman, and the first time she went to a church of England service was to a harvest festival. She was rather late and the congregation was just rising to sing, so she called out "Nay, sit doon, pray! It's nobbut Betty Bates o' Swoddill".

Still speaking of farmers it was interesting to read that at a Young Farmers' Club the question for debate was "Do farmers spend too much time at markets?" When put to the vote the majority were of opinion that there is more gadding to markets and farm sales than is necessary. To this might have been added funerals. The habit, or custom, is of such long-standing as to have become almost as much a part of the lives of farmers as eating and drinking. Aforetime they and their wives actually had much more business at the local market and fair than is the case today, and therefore more excuse for these weekly "outings". Then they often went to market in a farm wagon—as the old song has it:

To the old farm wagon I owe my first idea
Of what the world was like beyond our village sphere;
For when a boy, with father I oft to market went,
And saw the sights and scenes, and there my half-pence spent.

Within our own time they were gin-drinking days, when many did not set off home from market until they were so "market-merry" (or "fresh"), that either "our mistress" had to drive, or, if master insisted in handling the reins, and had a useful 'tit' in the shafts, he went home at full gallop, "tallyhoing along the country roads. Nowadays farmers go to market in their cars; they don't drink gin, and they don't stay nearly as long at their little metropolis as did their fathers. Nevertheless, more than half-a-day's labour is lost to the land, against which it may be argued that only by attending markets and discussing matters with dealers, with his fellows, and agricultural merchants, can the farmer keep his finger on the pulse of his business in life.

That reminds me of the story of the farmer who was condemned to death for sheep stealing. His wife went to see him for the last time, saying there were "some bits of business ti saddle", and asked him where beans had to be sown in the coming year. He replied "I really don't know;—sow 'em where you like; I niver was sa putten about i' me life; I can't think o' business!"

Moorland Farming

There has been much opposition to ploughing out grass land on the foothills and in the dales because grain is late in ripening in such parts, harvest often being a month after that in the low country. In consequence little corn is grown, and that frequently is fit only for cattle food owing to ingathering difficulties. As to reclamation of moorlands, there are thousands of acres growing only bracken which could be made into good pasture-land if the Government would make a definite move in the matter. Recent seasons have been more favourable to corn growing in hill countries than for long and apparently some have succeeded where many hitherto failed, for a Goath-

Continued on Page Nineteen

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Trewern Beagles

Conditions Permitting

Hounds Will Meet: March 1944

19th—Upper Hick's Farm, Boot Road 3:00 P. M.

26th—White Horse 3:00 P. M. Mrs. David B. Sharp and Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Harrison, 3d. invite the field to tea at the Radnor Hunt Club.

This is the final meet of the season. The Hunt Committee wishes to thank the land owners and all subscribers for their support.

Cameron Macleod, Jr., S. Stockton White, Acting Joint Masters.

Rombout Hunt

Continued from Page Six

the east side and turned north through the Allen orchards and fields and across the Phillips farms. Then for the first time hounds checked. This was most welcome, particularly to the Master and his followers, as they had been going steadily and as there was quite a bit of ice on the ground, all the horses needed a breather.

It took the pack only a few minutes to find which way that grand running fox had gone, but that was long enough for the entire field to get together again, and off they went twisting and turning through more orchards and meadows. They soon came out at the top of a hill, and off to the south crossing the big meadows back of the Graham farm could be seen the entire pack again running in full cry and really traveling. Mr. Fox crossed the Graham farm and Charles Peckham's farm where the Field again split—some deciding the going and jumping was better on one side of the woods than the other. Shortly after, the fox turned southeast but again turned west when he reached the railroad tracks which at that point are in a deep cut. Here the second check occurred, but after about ten minutes the hounds again found the line and were off.

After running west almost to the main highway, the fox turned south and apparently crossed the big, new government airport which is being built there, and for the first time hounds were defeated. For some reason or other, but probably because of the trucks and scrapers having been used on the field that day, the hounds could do very little with the line.

The run had lasted an hour and forty-five minutes then, and every horse and rider was content to hear the Master call it a day. There were twenty in the Field including Mrs. Frederick Bontecou, the Millbrook Master's wife; and now that I think of it, it makes me wonder if that fox did come from Millbrook to see to it that Mrs. Bontecou was sure to get a good run.—J. W. D.

Farming In England

Continued from Page Eighteen

land correspondent writes to me this week:

"You will be interested to know I have reclaimed some moorland, I think successfully and profitably. Of course corn prices now are exceptional. Off what was an eleven-acre patch of heather in 1940 I have just threshed 50 qrs. of oats grown on 8 acres of it and have a rattling good take of seeds on the whole 11 acres. I have come out all square on cash expenditure, and have a good pasture to set against the labour en-

Genesee Valley

Continued from Page Three

Road and he was lost in the Wheeler Gully.

There was lots of good galloping in snatches, but the master, in his own words was "much chagrined all day".

Wednesday, October 27

"A wonderful day!" I quote the master. Hounds met at the Avon River Bridge. They found by the Markham and Puffer pond. The fox ran east up the hill to the Hartford Farms woods and south to Charlton Farm almost to the State Road, then back north practically to West Rush without a check. A ten mile point.

Saturday, November 6

The meet was at the Oxbow Lane. The scenting was good. The master drew north along the river and found two foxes. The pack split and got to the big Woods together. Here the hounds got together on the same line and ran down to the Big Oxbow and marked to ground.

Another fox was found in the Sugar Bush. He ran into the Oneida where the pack split; half went to the Wheeler Gully and made no progress, the other half carried on beyond the Gully for a good gallop till they lost on plowed ground.

Saturday, November 20

"A good day" the master agreed. Hounds met at the Homestead. A fox was found in the middle of the Tollgate Lot "as usual". He ran to the river and north to the outlet of the Dairy Pond. Here hounds lost the line.

A bit farther south on the Home Farm they picked up the line of the hunted fox again and put him to ground in a hollow tree in the Tollgate lot. This gave everyone a good gallop.

Another fox was found near the Jones River Bridge. Running north to the Fall Brook Gully, he crossed the Gully twice and then ran south almost to Belwood. Here Hounds were a bit at fault and deer were in evidence, so it was called "a day".

It was a grand day with enough fast galloping over rough country.

Saturday, November 27

Hounds met at the Sugarberry School House. Bill Wadsworth (Capt. W. P. Wadsworth, M. F. H. when there isn't a war going on) was out with his children: "Perky", Martha, and young Austin age eight. Austin staked out three claims during the course of the morning without losing a bit of his ardor for Fox Hunting.

Bill viewed a fox just as the hounds were entering the Little Oxbow pasture. Hounds were put on the line and ran south and east a bit to the Oxbow Lane. Then they were cast forward to the big Woods where the line was picked up again. They ran to the Nations Bow, then south along the edge of the Sugar Bush to Bleak House, then north to the Oneida Woods and the Wheeler Gully, and on to the Big Woods and to ground! Another fox was found that ran to the Oxbow. This was a day to remember for a long time!

A hard freeze stopped the hunting early in December and in spite of optimistic hopes of a thaw, that was the end for 1943. But it was a swell year with lots of good sport.

Many thanks to the M. F. H. for the notes that made this article possible.—E. E. T.

tailed. Results would have been better and quicker if there had not been such a shortage of lime in 1941."

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In The Country:-



New Owner

It is reported that Patrick Geracel has purchased a farm near Buffalo, N. Y. and is building up a new show ring, around a fine Thoroughbred which he purchased from John Steele.

Vallejo Group Backs Fair Grounds Plan

Proposal that civic groups support tentative plans to establish a county fair and horse racing plant near Vallejo met favorable reception at a meeting of the public affairs committee of the Junior Chamber of Commerce and the public works committee of the Senior Chamber of Commerce recently. Proposal for the county fair grounds and race track was made by Al St. John, representing the Vallejo Horsemen's Association, who have done considerable investigation into the possibilities. Envisaged is a large fair plant, using some 50 acres of ground, which would provide a site for a regular fair and also would provide a race track for races and an arena for horse shows. The general opinion of the two groups was that the project should be carried forward. However, more data is sought before taking more definite action.

Horseback Club At High School

Mrs. Jeanne Ferguson, who holds a certificate for horsemanship from Fort Riley, has organized and conducts a riding club at Hayward Union High School, Hayward, California, which seems destined for a remarkable career. In the group are

153 boys and girls, 32 of whom own their own mounts. There are enough horses on hand in this farming community to provide four classes a week. As yet the troop of riders is progressing mostly as a branch of the recreation program but a wide sphere of usefulness is indicated for the future.

Bay Meadows Crowded

The Thoroughbred housing problem at Bay Meadow has General Manager William P. Kyne worried the opening date of the spring meeting, March 18, only a short time off. Kyne announced that a last check showed 350 more horses than there are stalls available.

Visits

Al Homewood of New Rochelle, New York was through Middleburg, Virginia on Monday. He has ridden many winners in the show ring and was down this way to pick up a hunter or so.

Letters To The Editor

Continued from Page Four

theories, but I have had no small opportunity to test them myself. As a youngster I had a case of horsephobia. I triumphantly maintained a list of all of the horses I had ridden as I worked to overcome my fear. I have kept this list rather faithfully and today it numbers nearly eight hundred horses. It includes farm horses, troop horses, stock yards horses, Panhandle Palominos, horses trained in Europe and well schooled Virginia Thoroughbreds. There naturally is every type of horse.

In hunting with four packs, ten years in equitation classes, and riding over some of the roughest country on earth, I have had the opportunity to prove to my own satisfaction the theories that were taught me. I have proved them not only over brush and panels, but over slides, both up and down, into caves from which I had to jump, in and out of bogs and fording rivers. I would not do it with a standing martingale on my horse. I have used this piece on certain horses when hacking, but if I decided to jump, I dismounted and unfastened it.

In setting forth these theories on paper, I do not pretend to say that everytime a rule is disregarded, dire consequences result. I do say that an unnecessary chance is taken.

I advance no personal theories. They are those of a world-wide congregation of students of horsemanship with generations of research upon which to build.

I hope Mr. Stuart will find the time and the interest to continue the discussions and that others will join in. It is interesting and enlightening.

Very sincerely,
Margaret deMartelly.

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Many wearers of false teeth have suffered real embarrassment because their plate dropped, slipped or wobbled at just the wrong time. Do not live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH, the alkaline (non-acid) powder, on your plates. Holds false teeth more firmly, so they feel more comfortable. Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug store.

Chronicle Goes West

Continued from Page Seventeen

Owing to the gas shortage I was unable to see Grey Friar, the remount stallion which Fuller was instrumental in getting into the country. He is a big horse, stands 17.1, but is so well made he does not look it. He is by Bay Town, an English horse, out of imported Marriage Lines, by Tracery. He is a proven sire of well made colts with good dispositions and should be heard from in a few years.

Dan Cottrell put me up for the night and Mrs. Alfred Klekhofer came in after dinner and told me how she was continuing to keep the children riding as she has for quite a few years, and is another shining example, like Mrs. Ballard at White-marsh, of what a keen, wise lady can do in developing horsemen and horsewomen. She has able assistance from Captain Atwood Elliott and gets good backing from the Robert Uihleins, Werner Lutztes, Douglas Van Dykes, Edwin Bartletts, Walter Johnsons, and Louis Dauers. Mrs. Dauer is a niece of Billy Mitchell and still has a horse he gave her.

As I saw the lay of the land around the country club with many small snake fences it looked an ideal place to develop the youngsters.

The death of John Cudahy last year was a great blow to foxhunting in Washington County. He, Mr. Patton and Brock Fuller started foxhunting here and had an area about ten miles each way, thoroughly paneled.

Could this be revived after the war, Milwaukee could have great sport and a real hunting country would be available for the graduates of Mrs. Keikhofer's children's drags.

Saturday, March 4th, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Swift kindly invited me out to Galloping Hills at Wheaton, and I had a lovely time and the hospitality dispensed by these good people was heartwarming. A snow storm kept several away from a bang-up dinner on pheasant brought down by Louis' gun, but keen ones showed up: the Ted Mohlmans, Mrs. Boyden, Mrs. William Swift, and the Donald Easters from Lake Forest, a 45-mile trip. Sunday Pete Cauffield turned up so the faithful were well represented.

Mrs. Swift, "Libby", is a thorough and experienced horsewoman, has several good-looking clean-breds and a famous ring favorite in this country, Range Wrattler, by Wrattler out of a range mare. Talk about manners, we publish a picture of "Libby" jumping this good roan horse without a strap on him, a truly remarkable performance—note the perfect balance of horse and rider.

Frame Up, by Royal Ford—France, is an outstanding individual, hard to fault and an exceptional jumper.

A gray 4-year-old mare, Pillory—Sally Sweet—is a lovely thing. These are three horses that stay in mind very easily.

Homer Gray has in "Libby" Swift a real competitor for doing work. She looks after eight horses, 500 hens, does the cooking and the work is neatly done.

Each year the Galloping Hills show, with a fine outside course is a popular one that no one wants to miss.

Mrs. Swift should some day write her reminiscences—she has been everywhere, hunted and shot all over, and gone pig-sticking. I would not have missed my Sunday at "Galloping Hills".

We got back to Lake Forest in

time to enjoy the hospitality of the Francis Butlers and talk hounds with Randall Poindexter. So ended my Chicago trip, excepting a visit Tuesday before taking the train, to that keen horseman, Erwin F. Dygert, in the stockyards. He is selling 200-300 saddle horses of all kinds every two weeks and as many draft horses. His light horses include everything from cheap westerns to Palominos, three and five-gaited saddle horses with a scattering of Thoroughbreds and Half-breds. He probably handles more horses over a wide territory than anyone in the country. It is his opinion that after the war there will not be as many horses sold but they will be of a better class. The cheap horses practically all go to cow saddle riders, except those that go to riding schools. Many of these go to war workers drawing big wages. These are the people he thinks will mostly quit after the war.

I regret that I did not have a chance to see the Wayne-DuPage people. It was arranged that I meet the Master, Mr. Charles Lindsay, and the secretary, Mr. George Woodruff, over Washington's Birthday, but was laid up in bed and obliged to give out. So I hope they will give me a rain-check when I am really going sound.

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